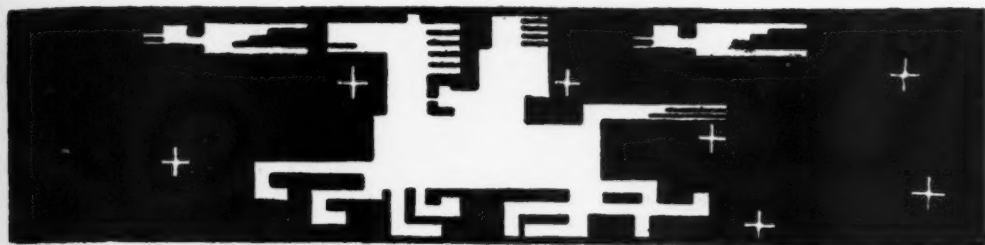


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HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Editor*

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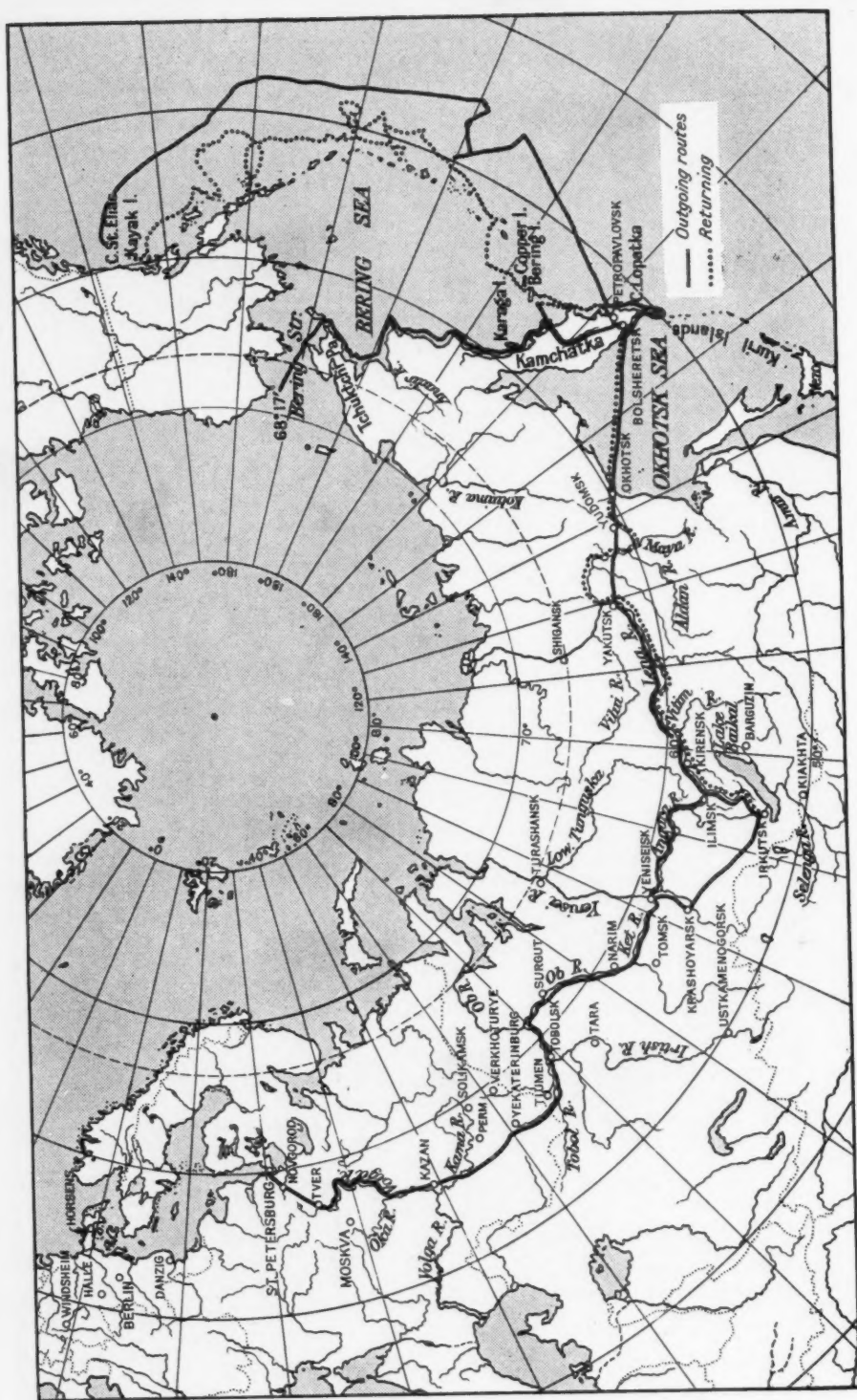
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Route of Bering's Two Expeditions

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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DECEMBER, 1941

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Witus Jonassen Bering

BY LEONHARD STEJNEGER

ON AN UNKNOWN ISLAND in an unknown sea, two hundred years ago, a Danish man died whose name will be remembered by future generations all over the world when the names of the great naval heroes of Denmark will be familiar only to students of ancient history. For Bering Strait, Bering Sea, and Bering Island will proclaim in all time to come the achievements of the great navigator. No wonder the Danish nation is going to commemorate the bicentennial anniversary of his death on December 8 (old style, December 19 new style). But it is also fitting that we Americans on that day give a thought to the memory of the discoverer of Alaska.

Few of us realize that 240 years after Columbus' landing in America the civilized world did not know whether America and Asia were connected by land or separated by water. It seems strange to us that 220 years ago the coasts of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska were utterly unknown and the opposite coasts of Asia from Japan northwards were equally mysterious, in other words that the Pacific Ocean north of the 45th parallel was a complete *mare incognitum*.

Witus Jonassen Bering, whose expeditions opened up to human knowledge an area of the earth's surface greater than the whole continent of Europe, was born in Horsens, a small town in Jylland, Denmark, and baptized on August 12, 1681, the son of Jonas Svendsen, a deacon in the Lutheran church, and Anne, daughter of Peder Bering, a minister and brother of the great historian Vitus Bering. Young

Witus Jonassen added his mother's family name to his own patronymic, with the result that he has often been confused with his famous grand-uncle, even to the extent that the portrait of the latter is often published as that of the naval hero, of whom no picture exists. Incidentally it may be noted that the spelling Behring which was fashionable a generation ago, and is used occasionally even at the present day by careless writers, carries no authority.

At the end of the seventeenth century Denmark was a great naval power with colonies both on the west coast of Africa and in East India. As young Bering early showed a decided "desire to visit foreign countries," he chose "the life of the sea," and on long cruises he educated himself to become a very competent seaman. Returning in 1703 from the Indies to Amsterdam he made there the acquaintance of the Norwegian-born admiral Cornelius Cruys, Assistant Master of Ordnance in the Dutch Navy, whom Peter the Great sent for to build and equip his Baltic fleet for the war with Sweden. Cruys persuaded the twenty-two-year-old Bering to join the Russian service in which he started as sublieutenant in 1704, advancing to captain of the second class in 1720 at the age of thirty-nine. He took part with distinction in the Baltic campaigns of the Swedish war, which ended by the peace of Nystad in 1721.

Peter had by this peace obtained a free hand to carry out the plans he had long nursed, to explore the eastern boundaries of his enormous empire. He wanted to know how far it extended, and who were his eastern neighbors; he was anxious to ascertain whether Siberia was actually contiguous with America, as some said, or whether the two continents were separated by a strait, as others contended. Towards the end of the year 1724 he discussed with his Senate plans for an expedition and on December 23 signed the order to the Admiralty Council which started what is known as the First Kamtchatka Expedition. Peter's health was failing and, realizing that he might not have long to live, he lost no time in selecting Bering as commander with Spangberg, also a Dane, and Tchirikov, a Russian, as his lieutenants.

Tsar Peter knew no obstacles and used few words, as demonstrated by the instructions for the expedition which he penned two days before Christmas 1724. They consisted of eighty-seven words in three paragraphs which freely translated may be rendered as follows: (1) Build in Kamtchatka or in some other place one or two decked boats; (2) sail in them north along the land which, because its end is unknown, is probably America; (3) find out where it joins with America, and for that purpose proceed to some European [Russian] settlement, or if you meet some European ship, inquire what the land is called, go

ashore, get reliable information, and when you have put it on the map, come back here.

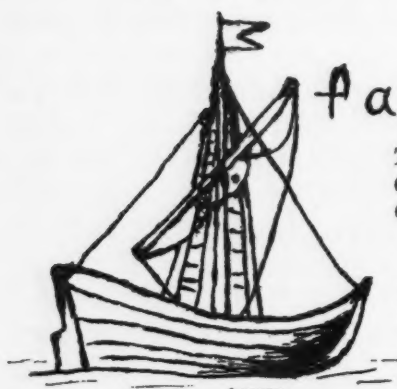
One wonders if the great Peter himself realized the enormity of the burden he laid on Bering's shoulders. He ordered him to build two ships in the wilderness of Kamtchatka or in any other place—yes, and that was Bering's least difficulty, for while no roads were there, no ship-yards, no forges, no foundries, no rope-walks, no sail-lofts, there were at least growing trees for lumber and tar. All the other necessities he would have to carry with him 4,000 miles through trackless wastes of forests, tundras, swamps, snow-clad mountains, and over the bridgeless rivers of Siberia. And when he had built his ships, fastened together with wooden pegs and rawhide thongs, he was to sail with a crew not one of whom had ever seen the ocean, along uncharted coasts never navigated by white men; and all in a semi-arctic climate, frost-bound one half of the year. Finally he had to carry through scantily populated regions all the provisions, including tons of flour, for his men sufficient for years to come, as Kamtchatka yielded nothing except fish and the oil of fish.

But Tsar Peter was in a hurry, and knowing that he was dying, he left the details to his friend General-Admiral Count Aproxin, and so effectively did the newly created Russian Navy of which he was the head execute his orders that the first part of the expedition, consisting of twenty-six men and twenty-five wagon loads of materials, left St. Petersburg within a month.

Four days later, on January 28, 1725, the death of Peter the Great threatened to end the Bering enterprise, but fortunately his widow, Empress Catherina the First, carried on in Peter's spirit, and only a week after his death she handed Bering Peter's order of December 23, whereupon he left immediately with the rest of the expedition. The personnel consisted of thirty-four men: Bering, chief, Spangberg next in command, Tchirikov and Tchaplin, lieutenants, two surveyors, two mates, a doctor and a priest, the rest consisting of sailors, carpenters, sailmakers, and blacksmiths.

Lack of space forbids a detailed account of Bering's expeditions, the completion of which made his name immortal, but a very brief account is necessary to sketch the tremendous difficulties in spite of which he carried his tasks to completion.

In starting the expedition, the first step was taken in what may be styled the opening of a new era of great geographic expeditions. Traveling by the winter route in sledges, Bering joined the vanguard of his expedition in Tobolsk on March 16, 1725, and on May 15 his four boats with the thirty-four men and their outfit started on the long river trip



*The Fortuna Built at
Okhotsk to Cross the
Okhotsk Sea to Kam-
tchatka*

Drawing by Spangberg

through Siberia. Progress was slow and Bering had to pass the winter 1725-1726 in the small town of Ilimsk without having been able to reach the Lena River. With the breaking up of the ice next spring, the

expedition sailed down that river to Yakutsk. While there Bering was made acquainted with various vague rumors of voyages by Cossacks who had sailed from Kolima on the Arctic Sea to Anadir on the Pacific. Though their stories could not be substantiated, they strengthened his own personal belief that there was open sea between Asia and America. Preparations had to be made here for the formidable crossing of the trackless Stanovoi Mountains, which was accomplished in spite of unheard of difficulties and incredible hardships. Bering himself arrived in Okhotsk, a little settlement of eleven huts, early in October, and prepared for wintering there by building huts for himself and his men to live in while cutting the timber for the vessel in which they were to sail to Kamtchatka the next spring. The expedition crossed the mountains in several sections. Some of the parties almost perished from cold and hunger, the last one arriving in July 1727. It thus took a whole year to cross the Stanovoi Mountains.

In the meantime the vessel had been finished and received the name *Fortuna*; and on August 19 the whole expedition in her and an old boat they had found in Okhotsk left for Bolsheretch, in Kamtchatka, 630 nautical miles across the Okhotsk Sea, landing there sixteen days later. The whole winter 1727-28 was spent in transporting the expedition by dog sledges and boats across the peninsula 600 miles to the mouth of the Kamtchatka River. The second vessel, named the *St. Gabriel*, was built there so that three years after the start the first article of Tsar Peter's order was complied with: the two boats had been built!

The flour brought from Siberia and the other provisions, such as fish oil for butter and dried fish for meat, were taken on board the *Gabriel* and the *Fortuna*, and on July 13, 1728, they weighed anchor according to the second article: "To sail along the land which extends northward until the place where Asia joins with America." On August

11 they discovered the island of St. Lawrence. The Asiatic mainland was still extending northwards, until on the afternoon of the 13th they found themselves in $65^{\circ} 30'$ North Latitude.

Bering, who was now fully convinced that he was sailing the sea separating America from Asia, and that the question as to their contiguity was answered, then called the obligatory ship's council.

The anomaly of a captain of a naval vessel in the Imperial Russian fleet of that time not having the final decision but being subject to the approval of a ship's council, sometimes consisting of the ship's officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, sometimes including the entire crew, seems almost incredible at the present time, but this was one of the handicaps Bering had to contend with during his entire career. It often hampered his initiative and prevented responsible decisions in critical situations. Not only was this a general law for the whole Navy, but it was specifically insisted on in Bering's instructions by the Governing Senate.

At the ship's council of the officers of both vessels, Bering stated that they had reached latitude $65^{\circ} 30'$. The Tchuktchis, he said, had told him that he had now passed the most easterly point of their land. The question before the expedition was: "Shall we go farther north? If so, how far?" The officers were divided in their opinion. Spangberg suggested that they continue on their course for three more days and then turn about to winter at the Kamtchatka River. Tchirikov, however, replied that in order to comply with article two of Tsar Peter's order they should go on to the "European" (Russian) settlement on the Kolima River in Siberia, but the council rejected his proposal and accepted Spangberg's.

Consequently, as on the 16th they had reached latitude $68^{\circ} 17'$ North and noted that the Siberian coast did not extend farther north and no other land (America) could be seen near the Tchuktchi coast, Bering

Таорина



The St. Gabriel, Second of the Two Ships Ordered by Tsar Peter, Built at Kamtchatka

Drawing by Spangberg



*Monument to Bering at Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka
 Sketched on the Spot by the Author*

considered that he had complied with his instructions, as well as with the decision of the ship's council, and ordered the return.

On the home stretch three days later they were out of the channel which an admiring world has since named Bering Strait, without having had even a glimpse of the American coast because of the fog, and consequently they could not know how wide was the gap between the continents and how far they were from America.

On September 2 the expedition was safely back in the Kamchatka River where the winter of 1728-29 was spent. The next spring, thinking America might be easily reached by sailing a short distance east, but finding no land within a hundred miles, Bering in the *Gabriel* continued south, around the south end of Kamchatka to Okhotsk.

On March 1, 1730, five years after the expedition started, Bering was back in St. Petersburg and reported that Asia and America were separated by the sea. Many important political changes had taken place since he left and Anna Ivanovna was now the Empress of Russia.

Doubters arose who contended that there was no absolute proof of the separation, the continents might be connected farther north, and as a matter of fact Bering had not seen America and did not know how far off it might be.

Bering in reply offered to go back to obtain the desired information, and within a couple of months he submitted a very modest plan to cost less than 12,000 rubles. He proposed to build in Kamtchatka a boat of forty or fifty tons in which to search for America, which he believed was not more than 100 or at most 250 miles distant. Incidentally he indicated that it might be advantageous to try for a trade route to Japan, for which purpose a boat even smaller might serve. Finally he suggested that, if it were considered wise to map the northern coast of Siberia, apparently for the purpose of opening up a Northeast passage to Kamtchatka, "this could be done by boats or by land."

These suggestions were approved by the Empress who sent them to the Senate. But Bering's ideas were too unostentatious to suit the new régime, and for "the benefit of her Imperial Majesty and to the glory of the Russian Empire," the three expeditions so modestly indicated by Bering were to be elaborated by the Admiralty and the Academy of Sciences. After two years of deliberation there emerged a plan of such grandiose proportions that Bering himself had difficulty in recognizing it.

As finally developed in 1732, the plan amounted to nothing less than a nautical survey and mapping of the entire area of northern Asia and adjacent parts of America down to California. The coast of the Arctic Ocean was to be charted; astronomical positions were to be established throughout Siberia; two vessels were to be built on the coast of the eastern wilderness which were to search for America from the Asiatic side; three other vessels, also to be built and equipped out there, were to survey the Kuril Islands, Japan, and other areas of eastern Asia. Gigantic as was the mere outline of the nautical program, the details specified were so fantastic as to be impossible of accomplishment within generations to come. For all these undertakings Bering, who in the meantime had been promoted to captain-commander, was made the responsible head. On the wide Siberian rivers, at Okhotsk and in Kamtchatka he was to furnish ships, provisions, and means of transportation for a small army of sailors, soldiers, and skilled laborers, all of whom had to be brought from Russia to the uttermost confines of that enormous Empire and supplied with food and clothing for years, at a time when there were no roads through the endless forests, swamps, tundras, and mountains. Thousands of miles away from civilization he was ordered to organize elementary and navigation schools, construct shipyards,

build lighthouses and magazines, establish iron mines and foundries for the casting of guns and forging of anchors, and to do many more similar tasks before the four separate expeditions could be started. And this was by no means all. The Academy of Sciences matched these plans with an elaborate program for an all-embracing scientific survey of the same territory; a whole ambulant academy of professors with their assistants, secretaries, students, interpreters, artists, surveyors, and servants of all sorts, with voluminous outfits of libraries and astronomical instruments for ten years or more, and not only for the men themselves but in some cases for their families as well—all to be given transportation by land and sea, lodging and food. In short the task assigned to Bering was the organizing and leading of what has been characterized as "the most gigantic geographic enterprise undertaken by any government at any time." And to cap the climax: The independent academic section was to be consulted all along; the supreme authority was lodged in St. Petersburg thousands of miles and many months distant by courier service; and the power of Bering himself, the responsible leader, was subject to the council of his ship's officers and crews as already related. Add to this that the orders of the Russian government in St. Petersburg to the Siberian authorities to assist the expedition in every possible way were mostly ignored or even opposed by incompetent or dishonest officials.

The great wonder is that this stupendous undertaking did not collapse of its own grandeur. When Bering nevertheless succeeded, it was due to his Danish characteristics, his patience, forbearance, perseverance.

The expedition, which is known as the Second Kamtchatka Expedition, started from St. Petersburg early in 1733. Space permits only the briefest outline of its difficulties, its toils, its tragedies, or even its heroic and great achievements along the thousands of miles of progress across the Siberian wilderness; its history and that of the two subsidiary expeditions to the Arctic Sea are well known. Suffice it to note that, after almost unbelievable hardships and obstacles, Bering with his men finally arrived at Okhotsk in 1737, four years after they left St. Petersburg. Captain Spangberg had already started building the two ships for the American expedition. This work progressed very slowly under great hardships, owing to the difficulty of transporting the provisions across the savage Stanovoi Mountains, and Bering had to stay in Okhotsk three years more before the expedition was ready to sail for Kamtchatka in the fall of 1740. That winter they spent, occupied with preparations for the voyage, in the Harbor of St. Peter and St. Paul, the modern Petropavlovsk, named after the two ships, the *St. Peter* commanded by

Bering himself, and the *St. Paul* commanded by Tchirikov. As soon as the ice broke up in the harbor, the vessels were ready, and on June 4, 1741, they finally got under sail and away in search of America.

On the *St. Peter* Bering had with him as first officer Lieutenant Swen Waxell, a Swede, and as second officer Lieutenant Sofron Khitrov, a native Russian. He had also succeeded in attaching to his staff the German naturalist Georg Wilhelm Steller, who was a member of the scientific section sent by the Academy to explore Kamtchatka. The vessel itself was a so-called packet-boat, brig-rigged, 80 feet long. The crew, including noncommissioned officers, doctor, soldiers and sailors, numbered 74 in all—with Waxell's minor son, 78 souls.

The route to be followed had been laid down by one of the above described ship's councils held on May 4. They were first to sail S.E. by S. to 46° North Latitude in search of the fictitious Juan de Gama Land. Both vessels held the same course and, finding no land there, changed to E. by N. A week later, on June 20, the ships became separated in a gale and Bering, losing three days in searching for the *St. Paul*, continued alone for America. Nearly one month later, Steller, on the evening of July 15, announced that he had a glimpse of land ahead. The sight of Mount Elias on the 16th confirmed the discovery of the land we now know as Alaska. On the 20th, landing was made on Kayak Island to take on water, and Steller had six hours of botanical collecting ashore.

Bering himself did not set foot on American soil, he was too much occupied with the safety of the vessel, and with plans for a speedy return with the news of the successful accomplishment of the task. But at what a cost! When he saw the land, to the discovery of which he had sacrificed the best years of his life, there rose before his mind's eye the toil and the tears it had cost and, more sinister still, a dread of the immediate future. He had brought this exultant crowd of men to the uttermost confines of the known world, how was he to bring them all back safely?

Bering did exactly what any prudent commander would have done in the circumstances, he consulted his instructions, the binding decision of the ship's council of May 4, as to the return, and his own responsibility as to the safety of the expedition. Deciding on immediately sailing westward along the coast of the new found land, he called a ship's council of his officers. They agreed to the proposal.

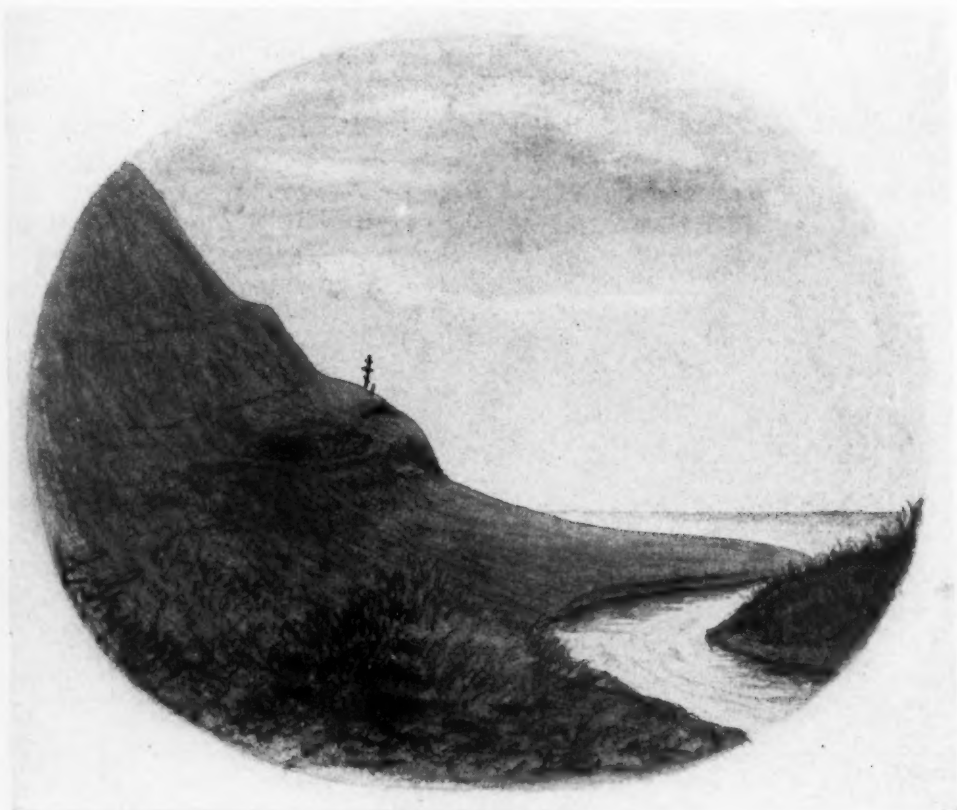
Bering's forebodings as to the autumnal storms along the unknown coasts were more than sustained. The story of the next three months which Steller has left us is one of the most harrowing in naval annals. At first all went well; in spite of gales and fog, contact with land was maintained. They passed Kodiak though in the fog seeing only a small

outlying island. At the beginning of August, scurvy, the terror of these expeditions, made its appearance. On the 10th already twenty-one of the crew were reported as attacked by the disease, even Bering himself was showing the first symptoms of the scourge. The ship's council decided to abandon the survey of the coast and steer directly for Petropavlovsk. However, the supply of fresh water was already greatly reduced, and they had still more than 1,200 nautical miles to go before reaching Avatcha. At their present rate of progress it would take them two and a half months, so when on August 29 they came upon a group of islands, anchor was dropped and a boat sent ashore to get a much needed supply of drinking water. As the weather was fine the sick were brought ashore in the hope of benefiting them, but one of the sailors, Nikita Shumagin, died, the first victim of the dreaded plague. He was buried on the island, the first man of the expedition to die and the first white man to be buried in Alaskan soil. The group of islands still bears his name.

The expedition so far had met with no natives; signs of their presence had been found at the first landing, but the "Americans" themselves had kept out of sight. The meeting with the first of them just before leaving the Shumagin islands is therefore an historical event of some interest. The *St. Peter* was hailed by two men in baidarkas, little skin boats like the Greenland kayaks, who made signs which the Russians interpreted as an invitation to come ashore. Bering gave Waxell and Steller permission to take the boat for the purpose. The interview, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, was the first meeting of white men with native Alaskans, in this case members of the Eskimo western branch, the Aleuts.

On September 6 the *St. Peter* was again under way against contrary winds, while the scurvy, spreading, took its toll. The second death occurred on September 23. Terrible gales drove them back on their course nearly 7 degrees. By October the scurvy had made such inroads that the navigating, which hitherto had been admirably accurate, became confused, as the officers also were affected. "It had come to this that the sailor who used to be at the tiller had to be led to it by two other sick ones who still were able to walk a little. They dared not carry too many sails, because there was nobody who could take them down in case of necessity. The vessel was several days without guidance at all. It lay on the water at the mercy of the winds and waves."

Bering himself was in his cabin, helpless with the disease, Waxell and Khitrov were beginning to show symptoms; the rigging of the ship was in poor condition; the log, in confusion; in fact they did not know where they were or where they were going.



The Cross on Bering's Grave, Bering Island
Sketch by the Author, September 24, 1882

Then suddenly on the morning of November 4 they saw a high land ahead which raised enthusiastic hopes, for what could it be but Kamtchatka; some even thought to recognize the entrance to Avatcha Bay; they then steered along the coast and rounded the rocky northern cape into an apparently landlocked bay darkened by fog. Afraid of being driven on a lee shore during the night, they worked back into open water. At dawn the next morning land was again sighted in the west. A ship's council was called in the captain-commander's cabin. Bering urged the officers to make Avatcha, but Waxell and Khitrov proposed to seek a landing on the shore ahead, as their condition was growing worse every minute, the rotten rigging was breaking while they were deliberating, scurvy was making such headway that there would soon not be a single man able to handle the vessel; twelve men of the crew had already died and 49 were down with it. The council resolved to steer for the shore in sight in order to save the ship and the men. So they did



Near View of the Cross on Bering's Grave, Erected in 1880 by N. Grebnitski. The Inscription in Russian reads: "In Memory of Bering, December 19, 1741"

Photographed by Suvarov, 1910

and by nightfall the *St. Peter* was anchored in quiet water at a slight bight of the land.

Next day it was found that the landing place was near a fair-sized stream of fresh water which made its way through the sandy beach from a mountainous and barren interior with no trees or indications of human habitation. In these dismal surroundings they realized that they would have to spend the winter. The few able men left dug pits in the sand, covered them with driftwood and old sails, and gradually moved the sick ashore, cared for them, and buried the dead.

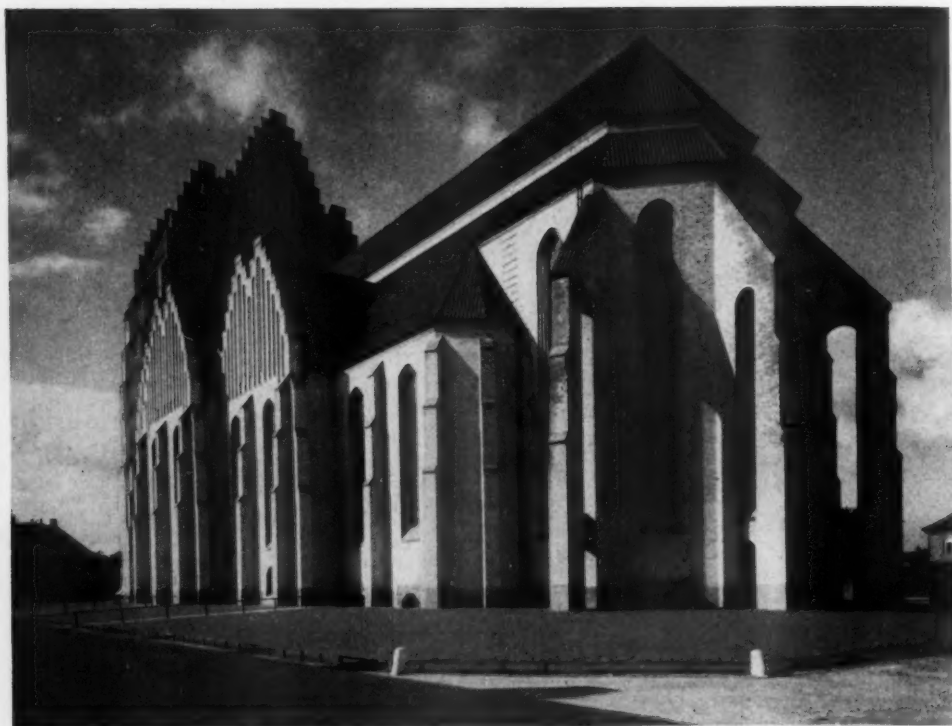
On November 10 the pit for Bering himself was ready and, carefully wrapped up and covered with blankets, he was brought ashore, spent the night in a tent on the beach, and was carried the next day to his dug-out, near that of Steller who "wondered at his composure and singular contentment." Steller treated him to a meal of freshly shot ptarmigans and tea, and made him as comfortable as possible. November passed, "cold, dampness, exhaustion, illness" were daily guests, and the scurvy took its toll with twelve men dead. In spite of all care and fresh food, Bering was gradually sinking but, not troubled with his own condition, "his only concern was the welfare of his command, and he had no more heartfelt wish than their deliverance from the island and his own from the misery of life."

The end came early in the morning of December 8, 1741. According to Waxell he died in the dugout half buried in the sand which rolled down on him from the walls and which he did not allow his men to remove, because it gave him a sensation of warmth. Steller speaks with feeling of "his calmness and earnest preparations for the parting which came while he was in full possession of his reason and speech."

The following day he was buried near the dugouts, his body, Waxell tells us, wrapped to a plank, the only distinction from that of all the other victims. A wooden cross was erected the next summer before the 46 survivors left the island to which they gave Bering's name.

Captain-commander Witus Jonassen Bering thus fell on the field of honor in the hour of victory. Other great naval commanders have suffered a similar fate and become world famous for spectacular triumphs in bloody battles. But Bering is a hero no less renowned, of whom Denmark has a right to be as proud as England is of her Nelson.

Leonhard Stejneger is head curator of biology in the U. S. National Museum, a branch of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1882-83 he went on an expedition for the Museum to Bering Island and Kamtchatka. Among his books is a biography of Steller, the naturalist who is mentioned in his article. Mr. Stejneger is a native of Bergen, Norway.



Side View of the Church on Bispebjerg

The Grundtvig Church in Copenhagen

IN THEIR PRESENT time of bondage, the Danes are turning with renewed allegiance to the great men who in the past have been the incarnation of their national ideals. Of no one is this more true than of N. F. S. Grundtvig, pastor, poet, educator, and folk leader who more than any other man gave them the impulses that helped them to recover from the losses and disasters of 1864. Lectures on his life and work at the University have had a phenomenal attendance, and a play by the clergyman and dramatist Kaj Munk based on his life, entitled *Egelykke*, has been successfully performed in Copenhagen as well as in Oslo and Stockholm.

It seems particularly heartening that the great church which bears Grundtvig's name, and on which work has been going on for two decades, should have been completed in time to be dedicated on the first September eighth—Grundtvig's birthday—after the German occupa-

tion. *THE REVIEW* last December carried a news item about this, together with a picture of the familiar tower façade. Since then we have received from Denmark additional photographs, but a promised manuscript containing more information has failed to arrive.

The idea of a memorial to Grundtvig in the form of a church was launched before the first World War and architects were invited to compete. In January 1914 the plans of P. V. Jensen Klint were accepted. With a singularly happy inspiration he had conceived the idea of a building at once expressing the spirit of Grundtvig and suited to modern needs. It is based on the Danish country church with its big square tower and step-gable, and for all its vast size it has something of the same simplicity.

It has been called, not a cathedral, but a big country church. It is situated appropriately between town and country, just as Grundtvig himself belonged to the whole nation; he was a country lad and always in sympathy with the peasantry, though he spent forty years of his life as pastor in Copenhagen, the longest time in the old Vartov church. The new church is in the outskirts of Copenhagen, on a site donated by the city. Dedicated to the "living word" in which Grundtvig believed, to the sermon and the congregational singing which he did so much to promote by his beautiful hymns, it is open and flooded with daylight. There are no stained glass windows and no artificially lighted chapels or dim corners.

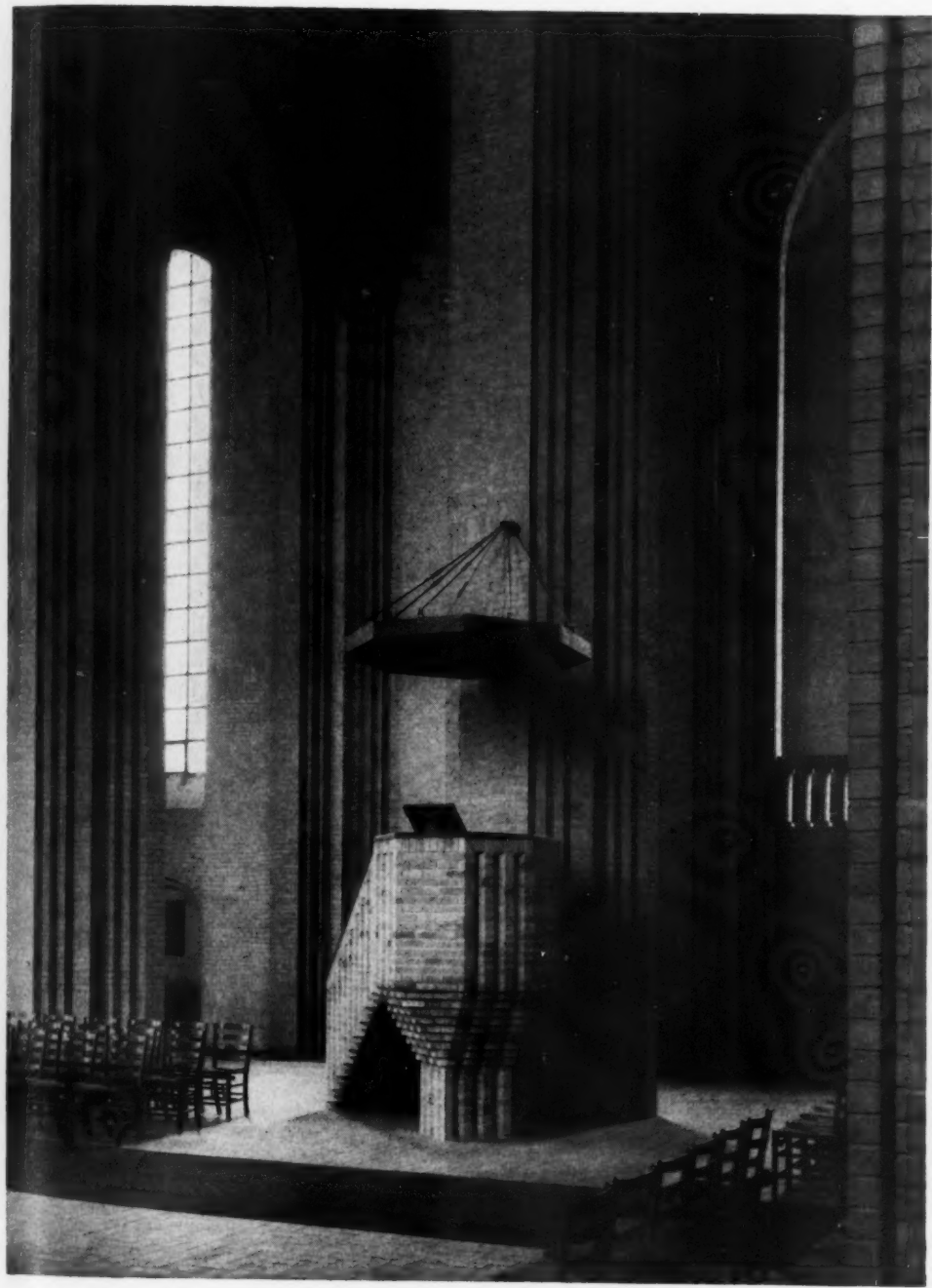
The beauty of the edifice lies in its majestic size and noble simplicity of line as well as in the rich golden color of the handmade Danish bricks, of which more than five million have been used. The altar and the pulpit are of the same brick. The church seats about two thousand people and has room for more. The crypt seats a thousand.



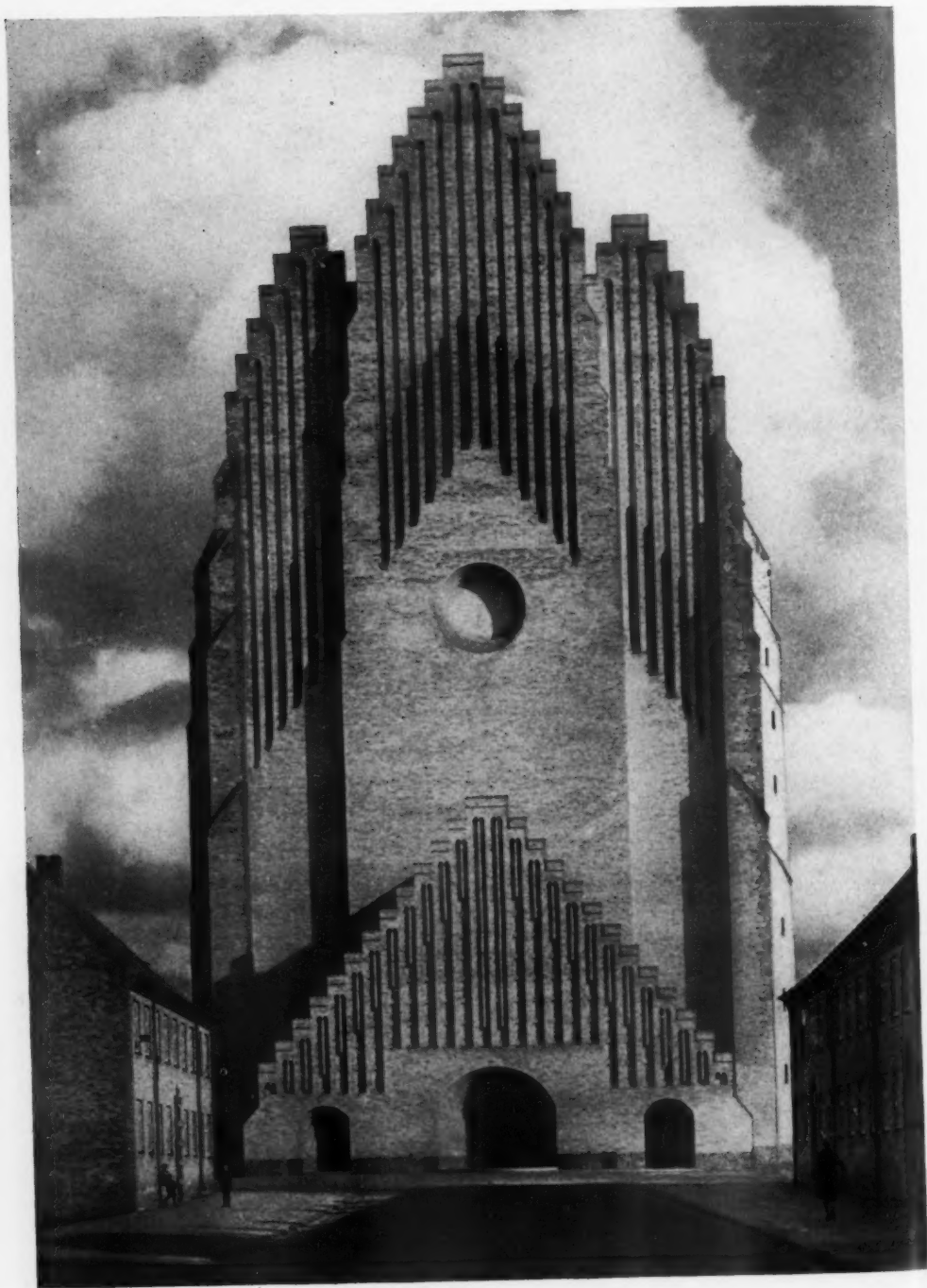
*The Architect P. V. Jensen Klint
Painting by Johs. Kragh*



In the Nave, Looking Toward the Apse



Interior with the Pulpit



The Tower Façade of the Completed Church

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The Anglo-American-Scandinavian Situation

BY TAGE U. H. ELLINGER

AT THE BEGINNING of the third year of the second World War, a striking situation exists. Germany, in order to dominate the North Atlantic and to move into a position for attack on Great Britain, has invaded and forced the surrender of defenseless Denmark, and has conquered Norway in a two months' campaign against a nation gravely unprepared to resist attack.

She has later induced the Finns to fight once more, and at her side, against the Bolsheviks, who during the early stages of the main conflict, and despite a magnificent defense that thrilled the world, had forced the cession of vast Finnish territories. By these German actions Sweden has been entirely surrounded and reduced to a state of dependence so that she, though nominally still a neutral, did not even feel in a position to refuse the German demand for passage of troops across Swedish territory.

Great Britain, during the Finnish-Russian campaign, not only furnished the Finns with war supplies, but even offered to send an expeditionary force to her assistance, an offer that was declined because it would have involved passage of British troops through northern Norway and Sweden, and both these countries objected to such a breach of neutrality. When Germany invaded Denmark and Norway on April 9, 1940, Great Britain actually sent an expeditionary force to Norway, where it was forced to fight at great disadvantage in an attempt to deny the Germans access through Narvik to the Swedish iron ore and command of Norwegian harbors and fjords as bases. With no prejudice to the internal government, British military forces have also occupied the Danish Faroe Islands in the Atlantic, as well as the Kingdom of Iceland, at that time in a personal union with Denmark.

The United States, although not yet actually at war, has for her defense secured from Britain military bases in the Atlantic. With the consent of the Danish Minister to Washington, she has also occupied the Danish colony of Greenland, and is building air bases and other war establishments on that huge arctic island. Furthermore, by agreement with the Icelandic government, United States military forces have been landed on Iceland to take over the defense of that island country and gradually relieve the British forces there. In addition,

the United States is spending billions of dollars, and is dislocating her entire industrial and social structure, in order to produce and lease and lend to Britain all kinds of supplies without which that country could not survive the terrific German assault. She even extends this aid to the Norwegian Government in Exile, as well as to other countries at war with Germany.

There is but one conclusion to draw from this amazing march of events, namely, that the United States, Great Britain, and the five Scandinavian States, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden, are interdependent for the preservation of their liberty and the defense of their territories. It is also safe to state that none of the parties involved fully realized this fact until it was brought out forcibly by the exigencies of armed conflict. American isolationism, British policy of limitation of armaments, and Scandinavian neutrality have all failed conspicuously to serve the interests of the respective countries, and have therefore been abandoned by everybody except that small group of conceited and often rather intellectual people who will insist, when things go wrong, that the world is at fault but they themselves most certainly are not.

The fundamental reason for the interdependence of the United States, Great Britain, and the Scandinavian countries is the fact that they together command the North Atlantic and the northern approaches from one continent to the other, "the Northern Gate," as the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. MacKenzie King, has called it.

It is fortunate that the real foundation of Anglo-American-Scandinavian relations is a tangible one, a complex of indisputable cold and hard facts that can be measured and counted in miles and flying hours, or, for that matter, be expressed in terms of bases, outposts, and supply lines. Having seen it all happen before our very eyes, it can not any more be open to argument that if one or more of the northern approaches fall into the hands of an aggressor, the safety of the others will be severely jeopardized. If one of them can not defend herself alone, plain self-preservation induces the others to come to her aid or even to take over the defense of her territory.

There is nothing sentimental about this. It is not necessary nor desirable to support the thesis of Anglo-American-Scandinavian unity by references to the close racial relationship of the nations involved, to the identity or similarity of language and traditions, to a common Christian civilization, and to the sameness of political ideals. Every one of these certainly important factors is open to argument and controversy. At the present time our entire cultural and spiritual life is certainly in purgatory, awaiting a day of final judgment.

The fact of Anglo-American-Scandinavian interdependence is at this moment so obvious to any observer that it seems unnecessary to say that all seven countries share the responsibility for the misfortune that no proper action was taken in time to prevent the present emergency situation from developing.

It is a remarkable political fact that Great Britain, since the first World War, which might have served as a fair warning, neglected her military preparedness, and hesitated to take the necessary steps to stop or counteract the German all-out effort to gain military supremacy. Her friends have deplored her loss in prestige and in the confidence of the smaller nations, as her military power was waning.

The United States, moreover, has recently broken so thoroughly with her political past that it seems hardly worth while to dwell at any length on the die-hard isolationism from its powerful victory in 1918 to the latest proponents of "America First." As a policy it has failed to serve the country's interests and has therefore been discarded. While it was predominant, smaller nations, threatened by aggressors, dared not look to the United States for active support.

The future foreign policy of the Scandinavian countries, however, is worth a frank discussion, because it has not yet been able to find a new form, since none of the five governments is at the moment in a position to take free and independent action. In the present emergency, they struggle as best they can along a wide variety of stony paths.

Sweden still maintains a formal neutrality, somewhat protected by a hastily developed military defense of considerable proportions, but hard pressed by all kinds of firm demands on the part of Germany. Norway is at war with Germany, as an ally of Britain, and Finland is fighting Russia in collaboration with the German army. The Danish government nourished the naïve illusion that non-resistance towards the invading German force, and a "correct" attitude during the occupation, which they were promised would be temporary only, would assure their people relatively tolerable living conditions. Denmark has awakened to the harsh fact that she is being bled white by her visitors. Iceland, for her salvation, is depending on collaboration with the United States.

On the surface, there would seem to be little hope for a unification of such a variety of policies apparently working at cross purposes. And yet the foreign policy of the five Northern countries before the war was identical, namely, one of uncompromising neutrality in all armed conflicts. Their vital interest in their foreign relations also was the same, that is, security against the only two powers who threaten

their independence, and have done so consistently throughout their history, Germany from the south, and Russia from the east.

To promote that security the Danish government, alone among the Scandinavian governments, declared itself willing to sign a non-aggression pact with Germany a year before the country was invaded. The more realistic Finns built the Mannerheim line.

One can not understand the attitude and feelings of the peaceful and democratic Scandinavian nations in this World War, and particularly at the present time, if he disregards the fact that they for centuries have been exposed to invasion from two sides, and that their two traditional enemies, both of them cruel dictatorships, are now holding opposite sides in the present conflict.

It does not require a great deal of human understanding to see that it is not so easy for the small democratic people of the North to find their bearings in the present constellation, and that the result on the surface seems somewhat contradictory. It really is not. All of them are whole-heartedly for freedom and democracy, but some of them turn south, others east, to face aggressive dictatorships. It is really not their fault that the issue has become somewhat confused. They at least have tried to be consistent.

The present state of disintegration is the unfortunate result of the vacuum produced by the complete failure of the traditional neutrality policy rigorously adhered to by all the Northern countries and carried to its fatal consequences as one after the other succumbed to brutal force.

It is not strange that other nations who realized the danger, and chose to fight it, have had difficulties in appreciating this apathetic and pathetic attitude of the descendants of the Vikings. It is, however, a product of recent political history and associated with the rise to power in these countries of the international Social-Democratic party. It is perhaps quite natural that a party which, at least in its early days, frankly placed the interests of the industrial laboring class above and before those of the nation at large took a hostile attitude to issues such as that of national defense, which required a common rather than a class point of view. Their pacifistic ideas, moreover, found a ready support from that small but energetic group of intellectual internationalists, present in all countries, who seem to derive a particular satisfaction from undermining the traditional structure of society.

The result was a policy of disarmament based, not on lofty ideals, but on a very low-grade defeatist attitude, coupled with unwillingness to make sacrifices that might interfere with a very comfortable living

standard. In fairness to the Finns, it should be stated that they happily escaped this degrading chapter of Northern history.

It is true, the Social-Democratic Governments realized at last that it was necessary to arm, but years of neglect could not be undone in a hurry. Norway, for instance, had placed large orders for munitions, but the goods had not been delivered when the invasion occurred.

The neutrality policy in foreign affairs was the logical consequence and necessary adjunct to the disarmament policy. Being almost defenseless, there was certainly no incentive or possibility left to the Scandinavian nations to take any active part in fighting even for the noblest cause or for their most vital interests. They were left, by themselves, to the mercy of their powerful neighbors.

The Scandinavian people had a harsh awakening from their complacency when in November, 1939, the Russians made their demands on Finnish territory. It should be noted in their honor that they did wake up. It was rather a pleasant surprise that, after all, the demoralization of the last decades did not reach as deep and as far as one might have believed.

Enthusiastic multitudes carrying flags and burning torches had hailed the three Northern kings as they appeared on the balcony of the Royal Castle in Stockholm, together with President Kallio of Finland. The hundred thousand Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian voices had shouted, "Kallio, Kallio." On that day, finally, the Northern people had realized that they belonged together, that they were in common danger, and that the Finns showed them the way to go. But on that day, also, behind the stage, the foreign ministers had signed the death sentence of the Northern countries when they did not permit the word to be spoken that might have saved their peoples, namely, that any aggressor of one would meet the combined military forces of all—be they ever so inadequate. So Finland was defeated, Denmark subdued, Norway conquered, in the midst of declarations of neutrality.

It is probably safe to state that this will never happen again. The lesson has been too terrible. When one day the menace from the Germans and the Russians has been removed, there will be no more neutral Scandinavians.

The time when countries, small or big, can withdraw from their joint responsibilities has passed; the policies of isolation have failed. At the close of this war we should see a union of nations with common interests and political principles. The Scandinavian peoples, who are in reality as closely related as the peoples of the British Isles, and even more so, must finally give up their petty jealousies and local patriotisms and be ready to unite politically. Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and

Sweden, with the Faroe Islands, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, united represent a power, a friend worth having. As such a friend, Scandinavia should become a member of the Anglo-American brotherhood, a larger unit with common interests and with joint responsibilities, sustained by mutual collaboration. America and Britain can make the closely related Scandinavian nations their permanent partners, their helpers in the keeping of the Northern Gate, if they offer them security and free opportunities on equal terms.

Tage U. H. Ellinger is a Danish scientist, sometime Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. He was engaged in research work in Paris, when he followed the call for volunteers to Finland. He fought all through the Finnish war and afterwards, with rank of captain, through the Norwegian.

Norway after the War

BY FINN MOE

*Director of the Norwegian Broadcasting Service,
former Foreign Editor of Arbeiderbladet, Oslo*

IT MIGHT SEEM PREMATURE to discuss now the attitude of Norway towards post-war problems. The main task is to win the war. For it is quite clear that, if this war does not end with the absolute defeat of Hitlerism, all discussion of the place and the rôle of any countries in the post-war world will have been in vain. Most of them, and Norway is no exception, will be mere German colonies; nothing more and nothing less.

On the other hand, we do well to remember that Nazism and the Nazi plan for world domination will not really have been defeated before they have been replaced by a new and better world order than the one which led up to this war. Furthermore, all must agree that this task cannot be left until after the war, but has to be faced and prepared for now, in order that we may be ready to act the very moment the war is over.

This does not mean that we should be too optimistic about the possibility of making detailed plans or blueprints for the world to come. As far as this problem is concerned—and here we can certainly point

especially to Norway—we have to remember that we are living through an evolution in political as well as in social and economic fields, an evolution so far-reaching and so deep that it will change completely many of the factors not only in the planning of a new world order but even in the formation of the new political, social, and economic régime of the separate countries.

When these years of human suffering and misery, but also of heroic resistance and sacrifice, are over we shall discover that something new has come into being and that much of the Norway which existed before April 9, 1940, is gone forever. In Norway today we witness the birth of a new, rejuvenated nation, a nation entirely united in its will to fight for freedom and independence. Certainly this unity will not last forever. After the war there will be differences and cleavages, but they will be along new lines. One has even today the feeling that the scale of values is being revised from top to bottom and that there is some basic change taking place.

This makes it still more difficult for any Norwegian living outside of the country to state categorically what the Norwegian people will do or what attitude they will take when the war is over.

Every Norwegian who is living abroad during these crucial years is—or at least should be—aware of the fact that it is the people at home who will decide the future of Norway and her attitude towards post-war problems. All that we can do is to collect the necessary material and discuss the problems, always remembering that the decision must be made by the Norwegian people themselves, the people who during these years of suffering shared, and of heroic fighting, have learned things others have not learned.

As far as Norway's problems are concerned, there are, however, some outstanding facts which it is impossible to overlook, and which will have a deciding influence on Norway's position in the post-war world.

The first and most important is that this war, as far as we can see, means the absolute and total breakdown of the status of neutrality. What has happened during this war has been a very impressive demonstration of what the former Russian Foreign Minister, Litvinov, said at Geneva, that "peace is one and indivisible." A great number of countries are already in the war, those still outside feel that they may be involved at any moment. It is many thousand miles from Norway to the Far East. But today everybody must recognize that what goes on in the Far East is not without its influence upon the future of Norway. There is a very close interdependence of all countries in the modern

world. No country can feel sure that a war which starts on another continent or in another hemisphere will not eventually reach its own borders. That is in the logic of modern warfare, quite apart from the fact that, with an international gangster like Hitler running amuck, no one can ever feel secure.

Therefore it seems inevitable that after this war the status of neutrality must disappear in theory, that is from international law; and in practice, that is as a basis for the foreign policy of any country. There were a few Norwegians who understood this during the crucial years before the war broke out, but they did not get much more than sarcastic smiles from those who were responsible and in their wisdom "knew better." Today it is a commonplace among some to say that, if Norway had been better armed, we could have stopped the Germans. After witnessing how the Germans defeated Belgium, Holland, France, Greece, and Yugoslavia, and the headway they have made in Russia, such utterances are at least subject to doubt. In the opinion of the writer, the fault lies much more in a wrong foreign policy than in insufficient armaments. But this responsibility Norway shares with other countries, and it would not have been easy for little Norway to change the general appeasement and neutrality trend that existed before the war and proved so fatal to peace.

If it could have been changed, would the Norwegian people have favored such a course? With my knowledge of public opinion in Norway I believe that it would not have been possible. And this is a very important point, which is completely overlooked by those who tell you that Norway could have defeated Hitler! The Norwegian people as a whole believed firmly in peace and neutrality, or in isolationism—to call neutrality by its right name. Before the first World War Norway had an internationally recognized status of neutrality; and with some difficulty the country managed to stay out of the War on that basis. This naturally made a strong impression on public opinion and contributed greatly to the belief that, when you are only strictly neutral, nobody will attack you. After the World War there was even a strong resistance in the Storting against abandoning the status of neutrality for the new and very weak attempt in the direction of collective security which was offered by the League of Nations. This, however, changed, and one can state without fear of being contradicted that the Norwegian people became loyal supporters of the League of Nations as an attempt to create world peace. When this attempt broke down, Norway returned to a policy of neutrality and there was certainly a widespread belief among the people that, if we could only be strictly impartial towards the belligerents, we would manage to keep the country out of

war. Under these circumstances it is evident that they did not consider big armaments necessary. In this respect the sound common sense of the man in the street comes to the same conclusion as the experts on foreign policy. A successful defense of so small a country as Norway can never be built on its own armaments, but must be built on collective security, or if collective security does not exist, on an outright alliance with one or more of the Great Powers. Therefore, at the same moment that a country chooses a policy of neutrality, it takes the risk of meeting alone forces superior to its own—with the inevitable result.

The Norwegian people, however, really believed that their neutrality policy would keep their country out of war. And therefore the complete and total breakdown of the status of neutrality during and after this war will be fraught with great consequences as far as Norway is concerned. Not only will it be difficult for the statesmen of the coming Norway to find anything like a status of neutrality or follow a policy of neutrality for their country—if they should try to do it—but the people themselves will be so disappointed with the failure of the neutrality policy that they will look for protection in some kind of collective security. One can take for granted that the idea of abandoning neutrality for some kind of international collaboration or union or league will meet whole-hearted support. Reports from Norway seem to corroborate this.

Taking this as a starting point, it might be of some interest to make a few remarks about the position of Norway, although it is not possible at this moment to enter into details, even if space permitted.

Norway's position is dominated by her overseas interests. In shipping, over 80 per cent of her revenue came from overseas trade and 20 to 30 per cent of her national income was derived from business with extra-European countries. This means that Norway will be vitally dependent upon the solution of the problem of the freedom of the seas, upon any attempt at regulating—by voluntary agreement or by competition in the world markets—shipping and world trade. That again means that Norway first and foremost will have to have her eyes turned towards the plans and the future policies of Great Britain and the United States. This is the background for the very interesting idea that has been launched by the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Mr. Trygve Lie, of an Atlantic Federation, consisting of all the border States of the Atlantic Ocean. This idea has had a very favorable response in Norwegian circles outside of Norway, the Norwegian people at home being of course unable to give expression to their attitude on the question.

Such a Federation could not be of a purely economic nature. It presupposes, and entails as a necessary consequence, a collaboration of a military nature in order to defend what would be its center, the Atlantic Ocean. It is impossible to overlook the fact that in this respect Norway fills a very important geographic and strategic position. From this point of view the American occupation of Greenland and Iceland is very significant. We can take it for granted that, if the United States should give up its objections to entering into any commitments in regard to European countries, and if the Atlantic Federation should become a reality, this would lead to the establishing of important air and naval bases on the Norwegian coast, bases which would be at the disposal of all the members of the Federation, and first and foremost of the British and American navies. This is just an example of how radically the former status of neutrality of Norway may be changed.

But in discussing the idea of an Atlantic Federation one must not forget that, even if Norway is mainly a seafaring nation, she is also a part of the European Continent. True, she is on the fringe of it, but it is impossible to separate entirely the coast from the mainland. That is perhaps particularly the case with Norway, because of her very close relations with the other Northern countries, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland. These relations are not so much of an economic nature as they are ties of a cultural and intellectual nature (and so far they are a proof that one can not shape the world solely on economic considerations). It may seem a paradox, but we can take it for granted that, although Finland is lined up with Germany and Norway with Great Britain and Sweden is neutral, the war has in all those countries contributed to increase tremendously the feeling that the Northern nations ought to stand much closer together after the war than they did before. The reasons for this feeling are obvious: uneasiness about the actual situation, and a conviction that in the new Europe a very close collaboration, even in the form of a union, is necessary if the voice of the North shall be heard. On the other hand, if this collaboration should not materialize, the North would be split up, with Finland and Sweden turned toward the Continent, and Norway toward the Ocean. It is therefore fairly safe to assume that after the war we can reckon with a bloc of the Northern States in some form.

But this means that, through her close connections with the other Northern nations, as well as to a certain extent through her own interests, Norway will be dependent upon how the difficult problems on the European Continent are solved, first naturally the problem of Germany, but also the problem of Russia, which is of vital importance for Finland. The problem of Russia is closely connected not only with that

of Germany but also with the problems of the Far East, which in their turn are also American problems. That means that in this more indirect manner, as well as more directly through her overseas trade, Norway will necessarily be dependent upon American policy.

Norway is geographically on the fence—*à cheval* as the French say—between the European mainland and the Atlantic world. That is an interesting but also a dangerous position, as is brought out clearly by some of the most important international problems facing Norway, such as the question of a Norwegian base for American clippers, or of a Norwegian port as an outlet to the sea for Russia, or the question, very burning nowadays, of Norway as the base for a British invasion. In an orderly and peaceful world the border position of Norway opens up some promising perspectives. It will depend upon the new Norway to make use of them. But it is wise to remember that these possibilities will and can be fully opened up only within the framework of an international solution of international problems. For if Norway is to play its rôle as a link between mainland and ocean, the most intimate collaboration and the most peaceful relations between the European Continent and the Atlantic world are necessary.

A particular problem of tremendous importance is that of shipping. In the immediate post-war period very serious shortages are likely to occur, especially in Norway. This probably will be followed by a great surplus, as construction overtakes demand, and as the United States enters the seas with a big merchant fleet. When all nations then try to recover their old trade routes, they will have to choose between a mad competition with corresponding protective measures from the different countries—measures which may prove fatal for Norway's shipping—or some kind of an international regulation.

If one should draw any conclusion from this rapid and incomplete review of some of the post-war problems facing Norway, it would be that, not only will it probably be impossible for Norway to return to her old status of neutrality—because the idea will have disappeared from international law—but it will be in the interest of the country from an economic as well as a military point of view to favor and further any attempt towards international solutions, economic collaboration, and collective security.

It is also evident—and people concerned with the future of Norway ought to take this fact much more into consideration than they have done—that for different reasons the most intimate collaboration with the United States of America is imperative, already in what could be called the pre-post-war period.

Little Green Soldiers

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

An almost forgotten little fairy tale by Andersen, entitled in the original *De Smaa Grønne*, was dramatized last winter in order to have it produced by one of the Copenhagen theaters, but the application was too patent, and the censor forbade it. Miss Ida Bachmann, now in New York, has translated it and sent it in to the REVIEW.

A ROSE BUSH was standing in the windowsill. A short time ago it had been young and green, now it looked sickly. Something was the matter with it.

A regiment had been billeted on its branches, and it was being eaten up. By the way, it was quite a respectable looking regiment, in green uniforms.

I talked with one of the soldiers. He was only three days old, and already a great-grandfather. Do you know what he said? It was true, every word of what he said. He spoke about himself and the whole regiment.

"We are the most unique regiment among living creatures. During the warm season we bear living offspring. The weather is nice, you see; we get engaged right away and marry. When it begins to get cold we lay eggs. The little ones are kept warm and snug. The wisest animal, the ant—we have the highest esteem for him—studies us, appreciates us. He doesn't eat us right away, he takes our eggs, puts them in the hill where he and his family live, ground floor, he puts us there with great forethought, side by side, layer upon layer, so that each day he will have a new one, fresh from the egg. Then they put us in their stables, squeeze our hind legs, milk us, until we die; it is a great pleasure! They call us by the loveliest name: 'Sweet little milch cow.' Every animal that has the brains of an ant calls us that. Only human beings—it is an insult, it is enough to make you lose your sweetness—couldn't you write against it, can't you put them right, these people!—they look at us with such stupidity in their angry eyes, just because we eat a rose leaf, while they themselves devour every living creature, every plant that grows. They give us the most contemptuous name, the most disgusting name. I won't even mention it, ugh! it turns my stomach to think of it! I can't say the word, at least not when I'm wearing my uniform, and I always wear my uniform.

"I was born on a rose leaf; I and the whole regiment feed on the rose bush, but it lives again in us who are a superior race. People can't stand us, they kill us with soapsuds. That is a ghastly beverage! It seems to me I smell it. It is frightful to be washed, when you were born not to be washed!

"Man! You who are looking at me with your eyes like soapsuds consider our situation in nature, our unusual equipment by which we can both lay eggs and bear children! We, too, received the blessing: 'Be fruitful and multiply'! We are born in roses, we die in roses, our whole life is a poem. Don't give us the name you find most disgusting and odious, the name—I won't say it, won't mention it! Call us the Ant's Milch Cow, the Regiment of the Rose Bush, the Little Green Soldiers!"

And I, the man, stood looking at the bush and at the small green soldiers, whose name I shall not mention, because I don't want to offend a citizen of the rose, a huge family with eggs and ready made offspring. The soapsuds which I was going to use on them—for I had come with evil intentions—I'll beat and blow into foam, make soap bubbles. Look at the splendor, perhaps there is a fairy tale in each bubble.

And the bubble grew so large, with gorgeous colors, it was as though a silver pearl were lying inside of it. The bubble swayed, floated, blew against the door and burst, but the door swung open, and in came the Fairy Queen herself.

"Well, now *she* can tell you much better about—I mention no names!—the small green soldiers!"

"Plantlice!" said the Fairy Queen. "Each thing should be called by its real name, and if you dare not do it in everyday life, it can be done in the fairy tale."





*Christian Krohg's Sketch of Snorri for the 1899 Edition of Heimskringla
Illustrated by Norwegian Artists*

Snorri Sturluson

THE MOST VIGOROUS historian writing in the thirteenth century was an Icelandic, Snorri Sturluson (1178-1241). In an era when the chief records of other nations were being transcribed in perfunctory Latin, Snorri enjoyed turning his terse Icelandic idiom into vital and poignant prose.

The two works of Snorri will endure as source material for all time, *Edda* for its account of gods and mythical heroes and its exposition of the elaborate versifications of Old Norse poetry, and *Heimskringla* for its dramatic story of the kings of Norway down to 1177, the year before Snorri's birth. Last September Icelanders were celebrating the seven hundredth anniversary of the tragic death of their great statesman and saga-man.

H.G.L.

To Mother's Memory

BY GUNHILD TEGEN

Translated from the Swedish by ELEANOR SALBERG WILLIAMSON

TWO OF THEM slept on the sofa. Since Ettan was the oldest she had won for herself the privilege of sleeping on the outside of the bed. Then she needn't climb over someone else if she wanted to get up at night.

"Ettan's such a light sleeper," said mother. "She gets that from you, father!"

It was true that Ettan awakened easily at night. But this wasn't strange—more to be wondered at was that her brothers and sisters did not awaken. Like a shadow she saw mother pace back and forth across the floor trying to get the youngest sister to sleep. The child had cried until mother and father were tired out, and Ettan was wide awake. Ettan kept her eyes closed and pressed her face against the sofa's edge. She didn't want to get so wakeful that she couldn't go to sleep again!

Now mother put the baby in the basket. It was a tense moment. Would the child sleep? A half minute, a full minute, father and mother and Ettan held their breath. A howl broke from the basket. The baby balked at finding herself in this state of inactivity; she cried and cried. Mother, in utter despair, at last said, "Now you'll have to take her a while, John!"

Once more a shadow moved over the floor. This time it was father. He rocked the horrible baby gently in his arms and lulled her with an unfamiliar tune, but Ettan caught the words as he passed near the sofa.

"There sat a cat
In a hazel bush
At the roadside . . ."

This was father's only ditty. It had ninety-nine verses, and each was exactly like the other to the very last, which ended:

"There *cat* a *sat*
In a hazel bush
At the roadside . . ."

Father used to amuse the other children with it, and he now tried the power of the jolly lines on the new babe-in-arms. She seemed in no mood for poetry, unfortunately, and not even for the soothing monotony of repetition.

Yes, there she stopped! But Ettan knew she would be quiet just long enough for father to lay her in the basket and get ready to push his cold feet under the covers and lie down by mother in the big bed. The baby would lift her shrill voice anew. Ettan would be so thoroughly roused that she would never, never be able to go to sleep again.

Mother had been out in the kitchen and warmed some milk. Ettan heard the baby sucking and smacking on the bottle nipple.

"So awful that I haven't milk in my breasts this time," sighed mother. "This poor little thing has had such bad luck. . . ."

As kindly as that mother could speak of the awful bawling brat. Ettan felt no stir of affection for the little tormentor—only an impatient aversion. Was baby going to be quiet now after her night meal?

It was quite still in the room; only the tiny smacking sounds and the tick of the big clock over the bed could be heard. The little night lamp burned on mother's table.

A huge shadow of her bowed head moved on the wall above the sofa. Sometimes it rose clear up to the ceiling, and at a sharp angle broke away from the brown wall paper and out upon the white surface overhead. Ettan lay and looked at the shadow's movements. Never was mother allowed to sleep in peace, thought Ettan. One, two, three, four youngsters she had had to tend and nourish, night and day—except me, of course, who came first. Think if—think if she had only me! What a wonderful time we would have had together, mother and I. . . .

Through a blossoming orchard strolled Ettan, and it was summer. The sun shone and the white petals fell. Under the petals small fruits had formed; yellow and red apples waxed large on the low trees. She and mother, only they two, walked together, picked fruit and ate it. Ettan heard mother's happy laughter high over her head.

The clock ticked and the child sucked at her drink. The big, big shadow grew and grew. It turned to a cloud in the heavens above the sunlit orchard, enfolded all in darkness, and Ettan drowsed off in an infinite weariness.

In the morning Matilda came in quietly, so quietly, and woke Ettan. It was like pulling her out of a mountain cavern of sleep. She was not through; she resisted. Matilda leaned over the sleepy little face and whispered, "Come now with me right away out into the kitchen. Mother hasn't slept all night, and neither has father. We must be so quiet while we dress. Ettan will have chocolate in the kitchen. . . ."

Ettan couldn't say what she wanted to say, "Neither have I slept all night. Why do I have to get up when father and mother and my brother and sisters can sleep?" Nor did Matilda suppose that Ettan had anything to remark. Matilda was kind in her way. She buttoned Ettan's underwaist up the back and helped lace her shoes. She stirred the chocolate,

took the saucepan from the stove and poured hot water into a cup. A bright flame leaped up in the dark stove corner. Matilda was there quickly to cover it with the black stove lids and the darkness settled again.

Ettan sat at the kitchen table and sipped her chocolate. Like a spirit on tip-toe Matilda fetched her school bag from the sleeping room's inner gloom. She was just as afraid as Ettan that she might awaken that awful infant. When, without mishap, she returned with the bag, she was happy; she patted Ettan on the shoulder and asked, "Does Ettan remember the names of Jacob's sons?"

"Judah . . . Levi . . . Zebulun . . . Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher . . ." There they ended.

"Oh protect us!" exclaimed Matilda. "Yesterday you babbled them like a running brook. Begin over again and maybe this time it will go better."

The sleepy Ettan made a new start. With sweat and toil she had learned this all-important rigmarole by heart before she went to bed, but in the night it had unwound and run out of her unwilling head. Only fragments remained.

"Reuben comes first," said Matilda, who knew her Bible, helpfully, "and then Simeon."

"Reuben . . . Simeon . . . Levi . . . Dan . . . Naphtali, Gad, Asher. . . ."

"Dear child!" cried Matilda, "there's Issachar and Zebulun, I should say. After that come Rachel's children."

"Joseph and Benjamin," added Ettan quickly. "Was that twelve? So terribly many!"

"What do you say? Hurry along now, it's almost eight o'clock. Here's your coat, here!" Matilda hung the school bag over Ettan's shoulder and hustled her out the door.

Alone Ettan went out into the winter greyness. "Oh, I hope I won't get the question about Jacob's sons!" she murmured. "Dear God, please manage so I

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will be spared it. . . ." She couldn't feel quite convinced, however, that her prayer would be heeded and she began anew on the difficult enumeration. "Reuben, Simon, Judah, Levi, Dan. . . ."

Twelve sons! Mother had only five children but she must care for them alone. Jacob, he had many wives, he did. They could take turns staying up and walking the floor with the babies when they cried and wouldn't sleep.

Ettan trudged through the snow on the long way to school. She thought about what mother sometimes related: how it was in those years before mother had any children at all. Mother and father had been married a long time and mother wished so for a little baby. Then after many years a wee girl came and they called her Ettan (the first one). Her real name was Edith but almost no one remembered this. Only the school teacher called her Edith, while all her companions shouted "Ettan!" Mother had been overjoyed with her first little girl, and both she and father had played and laughed and prattled with the young child. When mother told of this, Ettan seemed to remember the happy days when she was in the world alone with father and mother.

Ettan was only a year and a half when the second child came. Her name was Helga. Two years after that Lisa, the third, was born. Three more years passed and the fourth one arrived, a boy called Olle. Three years again and there was another; she was Malin, and she cried worse than all the others. Ettan wasn't yet ten years old.

The little girl, tired and sleepy, plodded on the school-road in a heavy coat and with a fur-edged cap drawn over her ears. When one is tired one grows sad easily. Ettan had a refuge when sadness overtook her: she slipped into a dream world where she was alone with mother. She continued to dream of the pretty orchard glimpsed when she couldn't sleep

in the night. There she found herself so very little; it was that wonderful time when they had been alone, she and mother, and Ettan was her only child.

Reality intruded anew and Ettan was back on the road. Soon Helga would get up from the sofa bed where they two slept together at night and tread this same road on her way to the little folks' school. Helga could sleep longest but Ettan, by her year and a half head start, could sleep on the outside.

Between mother and Ettan stood four children: three sisters and a brother. They all needed her help more than Ettan.

"You are so big and so smart—you can take care of yourself," mother remarked kindly to her oldest daughter and she believed that it was true.

Even a mother must give heed to the outer needs first; the heart's hot longing must be secondary to food, clothing, and life's obvious necessities. Mother did not realize that the other children came between them. She was ever kind and merry. She bantered, sang, and laughed except when she was altogether too weary. But never did she have time to take Ettan by the hand and go with her into the garden to look at the flowers and pick apples. This they did only in dreams.

Reality required that mother must attend to the other children. She washed their small faces, changed their panties, stitched on the sewing machine, fed the baby. In and out she went, in and out with her hands full of work, light-hearted, amiable, and often very tired.

The years passed and the children grew. Always it was said, "Ettan's so smart. Ettan can take care of herself."

Helga was so timid. She clung to mother's hand. Lisa started all the mischief so mother must keep an eye on her. Olle was often ailing and she must help him. Malin, the last child, always stayed the baby and kept the habit of tears. Whom shouldn't mother look after if not

the one who wept and required her tender care and solicitude?

With longing Ettan gazed at mother. They shared the same house, lived in the same room, but Ettan was overwhelmed with longing for her own mother!

Then came the day when Ettan was full grown and ready for life. She was to be married. That day mother put aside her concern for the others and thought only and wholly of Ettan. She helped with the wedding dress. Her own myrtle plant she had trimmed for a crown, and Ettan waited tremblingly expectant for the moment when mother would place it on her head. She wished *mother* to do this and no one else!

Ettan sat before the mirror in her white dress. A knock sounded on the door. Lisa came in.

"Oh, mother," called Lisa, "can you help me? I've a spot on my wedding party dress! Look how awful!" She spread the red gown and showed an ugly stain on the front of it.

"Mother was to help *me*!" protested Ettan.

Mother looked at Ettan and said, "Dear child, I must take care of Lisa's frock so it will have time to dry. Afterward I will help you!"

It took a long time before they were through. All the skirt's breadth had to be pressed and Lisa could never do anything herself. Time went by and soon the bridegroom would come to fetch his bride.

Ettan reached for the crown and veil and put them on herself, but the tears ran and she thought, "Even today they take mother from me!"

A ring at the door—it was *he*!

"Oh," exclaimed mother, "I haven't put on Ettan's crown!"

All hurried into Ettan's room. Teary-eyed she sat before the mirror.

"Have you done it yourself?" asked mother astonished. She went over to Ettan, put her arms about her, kissed her

brow and said, "You have always been so smart and good!"

Ettan wiped away her tears and went to her wedding with this meed of praise.

Mother married off all the others year by year, but none of the sisters had to put on her own crown and veil. Between mother and Ettan the veil thickened. Ettan could not forget. It was as if her hot longings, her childhood fancies, separated her in reality from mother. Never, never was she to claim mother alone as she had those first years of which she had only heard tell: the golden age before all counting of time had begun.

Yet a day came when Ettan did have her mother again. It was when mother lay ill and awaited the end. A stroke had paralyzed her right side, but with her left she still managed to pull the bell cord and to scratch a few words down on paper. She wrote small, tender letters to Ettan.

Ettan brought a hyacinth the last time. On the table was a flower, a mimosa branch she had previously brought. It had been allowed to remain because it was lovely even when withered. It resembled mother; she too had grace and stature in her very withering.

"You, Ettan, understand me best!" she said. "You have given me the least trouble of all my children."

The next time mother lay in her coffin.

Never in life had she been so solemnly beautiful as she was in death. Her strong profile seemed hewn from stone; white as marble her forehead sloped, and the dark hair that had never turned grey enclosed as in an austere frame the still face. She was like a queen, an Egyptian queen embalmed for coming ages after thousands of years. In this stern face which now lacked its usual familiarity Ettan could see generations of ancestors running back to time out of mind. She was not only their mother whom they had lived with and known for decades: she had become the lineal representative of humanity. Never could Ettan forget this scene. It

gave her a vision of man's greatness. Mother's noble, lovely face, a thousand-fold more beautiful in death, was lifted to a higher potentiality and became a symbol for the striving toward nobility, beauty, stature.

While Lisa weepingly cut a strand of mother's hair, Ettan looked on distantly and wondering. Never could *she* have done it! But Lisa had been mother's darling and had the right to be familiar with her even in death.

"How extraordinary," thought Ettan. "Now for the first time I am alone with her! Now she is *mine*! I understand her fully, her hard-working life, her readiness to help the one who needed it most. The others weep more than I. They mourn her; they were so close to her in life. For me a thousand hindrances were in the way when I wanted to draw near to her."

All at once the interferences had vanished, boundaries had fallen, and childhood's dream of paradise, a golden age, had broadened into an eternity of beauty and greatness and steadfast companionship.

In the presence of death, thought is so clear. One grows grandly compassionate and solemn. Afterward one goes out again into everyday life, and there Ettan proved the truth of her strange feeling—her sense of emptiness and longing for mother's heart were gone; she was alone with mother in a new way in memory's true dream world.

The above is the first in a group of stories contained in Gunhild Tegen's latest book, "Du blir aldrig gift" (You'll Never Be Married) all dealing with the experiences of Ettan as a child, a woman, a writer, and a wife. Mrs. Tegen is now in this country with her husband Professor Einar Tegen, a Fellow and lecturer of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

We Shall Live Through All

BY ARNULF ÖVERLAND

Translated from the Norwegian by Henriette C. K. Naeseth

WE OWNED no ready sword.
We lived by faith in peace,
Sound reason, life's high worth,
And labor's true reward.
Our faith was not that flame and death
Could make our country's future bright.
Our faith was in a victory
For reason and for right.

We owned no ready shield.
We had only friends.
Us no danger threatened.
Against no foe our hearts were steeled.
A night of violent surprise—
Morning, and we were taken.
We had only friends,
Now we stood forsaken.

Farmer and working lad, they fought,
A few men here and there
Against machines and iron tanks
And legions of the air.
They fight until they fall,
Knowing a broken will
Means life without meaning
And the end of all.

It is our wont to be free,
Man may be forced to bear chains
And hide his thoughts in silence.
True they still will be.
Never have we seen
That suddenly wrong is right
Or that the mask of law
Pardons the aggressor's might.

We will never yield.
Trouble tries the heart,
Nameless the hero's deeds.
Again our unity is sealed;
In village and town, on isle and shore,
Neighbor, friend, and kinsman
Stretches forth his hand:
Soon we'll meet once more.

If many of us fell
And others still will fall,
Inner strength remains.
We shall live through all.
The light of faith with sacred glow
Gives patience and peace of heart.
Spirit we know endures
And always life will grow.



My Mother's House

BY HASSE ZETTERSTRÖM

Translated from the Swedish by NILS G. SAHLIN

TELL ME," said my daughter one day when she was tired of playing, "how it was, when you were little. What did you play with?"

"Oh, with so many things. I had a great, big rocking horse."

"How big? As big as a real live horse?"

"Almost like a real horse. And then I had tin soldiers. . . ."

"How many?"

"Hundreds, I think. They looked as though they were made of silver, all of them, that's how grand they were. And I had a large red ball."

"One you could kick?"

"No, a much grander one. It bounced very high—so high. And sometimes I was dressed up as an Indian and played in the woods. I was Buffalo Bill."

"In what woods?"

"In the woods belonging to my mother—well, it was really a park, a great big park with large trees and many, many flowers that were beautiful, so very beautiful."

"Could you pick as many as you wished?"

"Surely, as many as I wished. And we had fruit trees with apples and pears."

"Big apples?"

"Yes, indeed, very big and delicious. And then there was a pond where I

played with little boats and caught real little fishes, and I could also go rowing in a small boat, a real boat."

"Where did you live?"

"I lived in my mother's house. It was such a grand house."

"As grand as the Royal Palace?"

"Just as grand. We had marble stairs with banisters that looked like gold and large windows with stained glass in every color. There were large halls with beautiful furniture and sparkling candles in grand chandeliers. The floors were covered with splendid and heavy carpets, so thick that no step could be heard. I could play and do what I pleased. It was like a real castle, fine and graceful. And above it the sun was always shining."

My daughter looked at me with big, wondering eyes.

We sat silent . . . and I saw before me my mother's house. It lay high on the hill, where stinging nettles grew by the roadside, where drunken men and women brawled in the night, where the dogs of the butchers howled and barked, where the curse was a prayer and the cane persuasion, where the tears had run dry and the hearts had frozen. That was my mother's house on the hill of hate in the valley of wickedness.

Hjalmar Söderberg

BY EUGÉNIE SÖDERBERG

WHEN HJALMAR SÖDERBERG, at the age of twenty-six, made his début as a writer of fiction, critics were uncertain as to whether they had before them a portrayer of manners by the grace of God or merely the author of an improper book. Meanwhile the young writer's name soon became known, and his short novel *Delusions* became a best seller.

Since then every new work by Hjalmar Söderberg has occasioned newspaper discussions, letters to the editor, attack and defense—in a word, writings much more voluminous than the pages that have come from his

own pen. This is true of his pure fiction and to an even greater degree of his religious-historical novels and his commentaries on the Bible. On the whole, however, enthusiastic praise far exceeded negative criticism. Appreciation marched so fast that the author's own children in school learned about their father in their history of literature.

While some of the critics were not sure whether the new author belonged to the immortals or was merely a charming lightweight—an exquisite stylist in a miniature genre—the Swedish people had discovered him. Library statistics throughout the whole country showed that his popularity never waned, and now all agree that he is one of the best authors of his time. Few have been greeted with such delight and such unreserved admiration, and few have done less to win popularity or to exploit it when won.

In spite of the fact that his production spans over a period of almost fifty years,

his books are easily numbered. Several times when the newspapers or the publishers urged him to write more, he excused himself by saying, "I am a lazy author," or, "I can only write about what I think, and I think so little and so seldom."

His mornings were spent in reading. While he was writing *Jesus Barabbas* and,



Hjalmar Söderberg

1869-1941

later, *The Transformed Messiah*, the tables in his work room were filled with Greek and Hebrew source books which he studied in the original. He had discovered several mistranslations and misunderstandings in the New Testament. Every day, while this research work was going on, he made new discoveries which caused him sometimes to scoff at the Bible translators, and again at other times to express his unqualified admiration of the manner in which they had solved difficult problems of language often with genuine artistic intuition.

Although Hjalmar Söderberg wrote sparingly, prizes, fellowships, and other honors often reached him in Copenhagen where he had been living for the last few decades. Many feelers were sent out to learn whether he would accept a place in the Swedish Academy. How would the list of members look to posterity without the name of Söderberg! But he had in his youth attacked academicians and scoffed at them. He was consistent in his character and rarely changed his opinions. Nor was he easily flattered by honors however great. When a chair in the Academy was vacant, Hjalmar Söderberg would often receive a visit from a member who would ask him if he were not now willing to accept a place among "the Eighteen." But the answer was always "No, thank you," and the incident was never mentioned outside of the immediate family.

External pomp and display were not for him. His was a deeply serious nature with a taste for a Spartan life and a craving for isolation. Political and moral problems, esthetic and philosophic questions engaged his thoughts. Individuals, human beings with whom he had nothing in common except the fact that they happened to be his contemporaries, these he avoided. But for his friends and the persons whom he liked—few in number—he was willing to take a great deal of trouble, and toward them he showed a faithfulness in friendship which is exceptional.

His integrity and love of truth made it impossible to dissemble. Conscious of this fact, he arranged his life in such a manner as to be independent of other people to a degree attained by few in our day. In the beginning, this attitude shocked many who thought an author should be at the disposal of the public, but gradually his reserve came to be respected. It was the expression of a sensitive, contemplative personality, a man who preferred the company of his own thoughts and of his few friends.

His home in Copenhagen was always open to Scandinavian authors. It grew into a custom that visiting Scandinavians in the foreground of intellectual life should call on him. He received them and generally spent an evening with them. Usually he would allow them to talk about their work and their plans, while he rarely spoke of what he was doing or about his published works. When he did speak privately about the books he had in preparation, it was understood in the family that it was to go no further. During the last few years of his life, political events claimed his attention wholly. He would often speak of them; and then he was anything but reserved.

From the beginning Hjalmar Söderberg's books had a quality as if they were intended for inclusion in "Collected Works." Novels such as *Delusions*, *Martin Birck's Youth*, *Dr. Glas*, and *The Serious Play*, as well as the drama *Gertrude* belong to the masterpieces of Swedish literature. More than any other author since Strindberg he has portrayed contemporary life, and has caught the ideas, moods, impulses, and problems of his generation. He has actually become the spokesman of the intellectuals of his time, in spite of his marked subjectivity. It is due to him that many of the problems he has stated have become vital in Sweden. His short stories contained in the volumes entitled *Storiettes*, *Stories of the Times*, *The Journey to Rome* and

others, reveal a narrative talent akin to Maupassant, Chekhov, and Anatole France—the last-named Söderberg has translated extremely well—and have greatly influenced younger authors. Many of these have acknowledged their debt to him. That period in the life of Sweden, and especially of Stockholm, which is usually referred to simply as “the turn of the century” will always be seen through the eyes of Hjalmar Söderberg, for he has drawn it more vividly and more suggestively than anyone else.

The moral and religious radicalism to which Söderberg gave expression was received as seriously as he himself treated the problems that engaged him. He defended his position with all the weapons at his command. Through his courage and passion for truth, those of his books that dealt with religious events in the evolution of humanity, such as *Jehovah's Fire*, *Jesus Barabbas*, and *The Transformed Messiah*, came to be regarded as important in a cultural, social, and religious-historical sense. They ceased to be regarded as merely works of *belles-lettres*. Hjalmar Söderberg's influence has been great even in these difficult problems, for his language and his thoughts possess fascination and a strange power of persuasion. Readers who demand clarity, who dislike superstition, turbidity, and confusion of issues, whose mode of thought is rational, skeptical against hocus-pocus, and receptive to conviction by logic, all such have accepted Hjalmar Söderberg as at once a champion of modern enlightenment and a seeker after eternal truths.

Types such as Thomas Weber, Pastor Gregorius, Märta Brehm, Arvid Stjärnblom have been fixed in the consciousness of all Swedes as representative of their age and milieu, and before the author had attained his fiftieth year they had been accepted as portraits in the gallery of Swedish immortal literary creations. It is now generally conceded that the moral battles Söderberg engaged in, the fights

against prejudices that he won, and the clearing of atmosphere he occasioned, have done much to change opinions and dissipate shams and hypocrisy throughout Scandinavia.

His integrity and strength of character kept him faithful to his ideals, and leave us in no doubt as to what was the great passion of his life. Now that we can look back upon his whole production, we may speak of a great passion, although he was absolutely free from any suggestion of turgidity and shunned all high-flown or exaggerated expressions. In his stubborn fight against cant, against conventional hypocritical morality, and against prejudices of all kinds, he was a passionate moralist, a preacher of tolerance.

He does not lay down the law, but leaves it to the reader with intelligence of brain and heart to draw his own conclusions as to whether the clear demonstration is logical—and consequently true. He allows his readers to decide for themselves whether the troubles his characters encounter, the lies they are forced to tell, the happiness that is stolen from them by convention, are worthy of humanity—whether they do not entail too great sacrifices. The pessimism that has a stranglehold on his characters would sometimes communicate itself to his readers, and make them feel that it was hopeless to struggle against prejudices. On others, however, his books had a positive effect and drove them to fight for their own happiness. In the course of the years, Söderberg received evidences of this in the letters that came to him and that kept on coming to the last.

“No Martin Birck for me!” “No Märta Brehm!” “No Arvid Stjärnblom after this!” the young people would say, when they began to feel that their own lives were slipping like those of Söderberg's characters. In spite of much modernization, in spite of outdoor life, wider views, and a certain increase of cosmopolitanism, in spite of more natural relations between

the sexes, there are still many who feel Stockholm as a strait-jacket. In spite of the twenty, thirty, or forty years that separate Söderberg's characters from the people who are young now, there are still many both in the city of Stockholm and in the country as a whole who have the same prejudices, the same narrow views, the same fear, and the same attitude toward problems that have already been solved in other places as the people in his books.

Hjalmar Söderberg possessed a great asset in his gift of clothing his thoughts and feelings in words. Whatever he said became significant, forced people to give heed, to ponder what he said, to remember it. His prose is rhythmic, melodious, crystal clear, with a virile terseness, and it exactly fits his intellect. He has never written a sentence that does not reveal the master of style. For that reason Swedish actors often read his short stories or some chapter from one of his books from the stage as they would read poetry. He has enriched the language with new phrases, aphorisms, and turns of expression.

A pensive skeptic, with a vein of humor and a gift for irony, a melancholic, a lyricist, an observer and social critic vigorous enough to fight for his opinions—it is a remarkable combination of talents and traits of character which all contribute to make him one of Sweden's greatest authors, a classic in his own time.

No sketch of Hjalmar Söderberg would be complete if we did not add to the enumeration of the qualities that have made him the sterling personality he is

one more merit which it may well be that posterity will appraise just as highly as his literary distinction. That is his courageous stand against the new ideological pests that have become rampant in Europe. Many years before people had realized what Nazism could mean to us, he had imagination enough to see the threatening danger, and he broke a silence of years in order to write and warn his countrymen against it. It was really the same battle as that of his youth, and this time it was a matter of life and death. With all the prestige of his name and with all his gift for making people listen, he spoke his mind freely about the crimes of which the Nazis were guilty.

His message, published in a series of articles in *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfartstidning*, was an urgent call to Sweden to have faith in democratic ideals, to battle for intellectual freedom, to shun the ideologies that would plunge the land into darkness. People listened to him, and many were inspired to assert their freedom of mind.

The Fröding Fellowship, which is awarded by the university students, was presented to Söderberg in the last year of his life. It was an appreciation from the intellectual youth of the country, shown an aging author who, once more, boldly took up the fight against the old enemies—insincerity, intolerance, brutality, the fifth column of dark thoughts—and for the principle on which the Swedish State is founded, that of liberty. Young men and women in their twenties thanked the author, then past seventy, for his contribution in the present-day fight for the intellectual freedom of the world.

Several of Söderberg's most brilliant short stories have appeared from time to time in the REVIEW, and a volume of them, in a translation by Charles Wharton Stork, has been published with the imprint of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Eugénie Söderberg is an author with several books to her credit, and is now in New York as correspondent for Swedish papers. She is a daughter-in-law of Hjalmar Söderberg.

Ole Bull Conquers the New World

A Record of the Norwegian Violinist's First Tour of America

BY MORTIMER SMITH

ALTHOUGH THE PEOPLE of Philadelphia and Boston might look down their noses at what they considered the crudities of New York, that city in the early 1840s was already entrenched as the capital and center of the New World. Its streets might be filthy, its government hopelessly corrupt, its police officers unable or unwilling to check the organized gangs of hoodlums who made it hazardous for citizens to venture out on the streets alone at night, but these little failings aside, it was the unquestioned heart of the country's shipping, banking, and general commercial life. Coarse, vulgar, a blatant bully it might be, but it was the artery through which the life blood of the rest of the country was pumped.

Having established this commercial supremacy, New York—contemptuously regarded by her sister city of Boston as little more than an intellectual and artistic slum—was beginning to feel cultural growing pains. With a fawning obsequiousness appropriate to an inferior approaching her superiors, the town began to make shy overtures to European artistic celebrities. In 1840 there came the renowned Fanny Elssler and for weeks the city was in a perfect dither of excitement over this famous *danseuse*. Its excitement was as great a couple of years later over a performer of another type, Mr. Charles Dickens; the enthusiasm on that occasion ran so high and the city endeavored to show its appreciation with such magnificent receptions and banquets that everyone was a little hurt and be-

wildered when Mr. Dickens returned home—his pockets bulging with Yankee dollars—to poke none too gentle fun at the boorishness and ineptness of Americans in general.

The New Yorkers were not discouraged, however, and the early winter of 1843 found them waiting impatiently for the arrival of Ole Bull, "the world's greatest violinist," as he was somewhat sweepingly described by the press. If not the world's greatest, the Norwegian at the age of thirty-three was to be numbered among the first half dozen of the great violin talents of the period. Technically he was compared to Paganini—there were reputable critics who declared his technique even greater—and in the singing and poetic quality of his playing he was unsurpassed. He was turning now to the New World after ten years of sensational popularity in Europe, during which time he had made innumerable tours of England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries.

Bull arrived on November 20, 1843, in the Royal Mail steamship *Caledonia*, docking at Boston, and two days later he was in New York. He took a suite of rooms at the Astor House, then the gathering place for the group of wits and literary dabblers who rallied around that engaging *poseur* and arbiter of taste, Nathaniel P. Willis, and, surrounded by his secretary, valet, and business manager, he received the gentlemen of the press. The man who stepped forward to greet them was an impressive figure. Six feet tall, he had the body of a lithe, well-



Osborne

From a Lithograph of 1838

trained athlete with enormously broad shoulders developed by years of rowing on his Norwegian fjords. He had large, earnest brown eyes and a mass of straight brown hair verging on the blonde. In an unconventional fashion he was handsome—and so were his manners. Talking in an English that was still quaint, his reception of the reporters was hearty, almost breezy, and yet there was a decided air of courtliness about him. It was true, as the poet Longfellow was to say many years later, that Bull's presence in a room filled it with sunshine, but it was not placid, comfortably warming sunshine, but strong, blood-tingling, and sometimes capricious sunshine.

The representatives of the newspapers were properly awed and rushed back to their dingy offices to write glowing and highly intemperate accounts of the genius in their midst. James Gordon Bennett, who became at once one of his staunchest admirers and advocates, filled the columns of the *Herald* with imaginative tales of Bull's career and fulsome eulogies of his talent, and when any other paper dared to make the slightest criticism of the Norwegian, he jumped on it with that outraged shrieking which was a prominent part of his journalistic equipment.

Ole Bull made his American debut on Evacuation Day, November 25, 1843. ("John Bull goes out and Ole Bull comes in," said he.) It was one of the great nights in the annals of the New York stage. The advance publicity had been furious and tireless, and Ole had the satisfaction of facing an immense audience at the Park Theater, an audience composed largely of ladies and gentlemen high in the ranks of the city's social and literary society. It was a brilliant scene, the flickering gas lights illuminating the crimson and gold decorations of the auditorium, the portraits of Kean, Kemble, Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons which hung along the front of the dress circle, and

Shakespeare gazing down from his perch over the arch of the stage; the audience, too, was a vivid part of this picture, the ladies with their long curls and wide expanse of revealed bosom and that look of genteel sadness which was a feminine affectation of the period, and the gentlemen with their flapping collars and immense cravats.

Following the custom of the time, the program was not entirely given over to the star performer; before it could hear Bull the audience must witness a play called *The Thumping Legacy* and later in the evening something by the name of *The Lancers*. When Bull appeared on the stage after the first of these plays there was a tremendous excitement in the audience, a tense collective feeling of anticipation which more than one member of that initial audience noted after the event. A hush fell over the house as the tall figure strode, almost jauntily, to the center of the platform, his whole bearing a perfect picture of amused, almost arrogant, self-confidence. He stood there for a long moment, his violin hanging loosely from his arm, smiling indulgently at the sea of faces before him. When at last he tucked his instrument under his chin and raised his bow, a perceptible sigh swept over the audience, as though they had not known until that moment if he would deign to play for them at all.

It did not matter to the admiring men and titillated women of that first New York audience what he played, for after the first few notes their minds melted uncritically into the sea of sound produced with such amazing technical ability by the intent figure before them. For the record let it be said that his program consisted of the introduction and variations on the theme, *Nei Cor Piu Non Mi Sento* by Paganini and his own *Concerto in A Minor* and *Polacca Guerriera*, all full of extraordinary feats of technique calculated to dazzle and impress. In the midst of the latter number one of his strings

snapped and with great *aplomb* he transposed the remainder and finished on three strings. The effect of this feat on the already aroused audience was electrical.

That first concert was followed by pæans of lush praise almost entirely unmarred by the note of adverse criticism. Those who wrote for the papers what passed for musical criticism, sensing that here at last was undeniable greatness, unloosed the full force of their superlatives. The *Herald* felt Bull was "the most perfect genius in his art that ever yet crossed the broad Atlantic, and rose upon the bright horizon of the new world." The *Evening Post* insisted that they had "no language in which to speak of the performance of this gentleman at the Park Theater on Saturday evening." N. P. Willis felt that here at last was "the unquestioned St. Peter of the heaven of stringed instruments." Of the city's major papers, only the *Tribune*—which admired the Hutchinson family of singers who appeared the night before Bull's concert because "they are careful to introduce nothing immoral in their songs"—only the *Tribune* failed to review this first concert. Instead of a review Mr. Greeley, who was strongly opposed to the theater, inserted this righteous little note, "We trust that this wonderful musician is soon to be heard in our city elsewhere than at the Theater."

In the month following his *début* Ole Bull gave six concerts in New York—they were transferred to the huge Tabernacle, not only to please Mr. Greeley but to accommodate the ever-increasing crowds that rushed to hear him—as well as five in Philadelphia, three in Baltimore, and two each in Washington and Richmond. He found that his showmanship struck a responsive chord in Yankee audiences. After one of those early concerts he stepped forward holding his violin before him, pointing his bow at his heart, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, my violin and my heart after such a re-

ception from America are forever at your service." Then he launched into "Yankee Doodle" while the audience went wild with cheering. Off the platform, he could also make heroic gestures. When one of the newspaper men asked him of what master he was the pupil, he pointed upward with a serene and holy look, and declared: "God the Infinite!"

Such pranks shocked more austere artists and sometimes the ugly word "charlatan" was heard. But Ole was not a charlatan; he had too much genuine talent for that. (Even the severe Joachim, who disliked Bull, declared that the pure poetic power of his playing was unequalled by any other violinist.) Today we would say that Bull was a showman, a showman of a superlative sort who had an instinctive sense of how to "sell" himself. He accepted the public for what it was, and if it liked a little claptrap mixed with its music, he was ever willing to oblige. When you went to an Ole Bull concert, you not only heard music but you felt the impact of an individual. The majestic bearing as he walked onto the stage, the courtly bows, the way he caressed his instrument before he began to play as if it were a baby, the elaborate pantomime when he was in action with his body swaying widely and his long hair falling over his eyes—all this was shrewdly calculated to impress himself on his hearers. That his manner invariably delighted his audiences was certainly no justification of its use for an artist, but it did not make him a musical faker any more than Paganini's elaborate fooling made him one or DePachmann's habit of making facetious remarks to the front rows while he was playing the piano made him a charlatan.

2.

Bull enjoyed in those first few weeks in the New World a fantastic sort of acclaim that was to be equalled in the future only by his fellow-Scandinavian, Jenny Lind. Parents named their offspring after

him; Mr. Barnum, who never missed a trick, re-christened one of his child performers Ole Bull, Jr.; and Mr. Samuel Ward, the brother of the future Julia Ward Howe, promptly dubbed the male of his magnificent Ayreshire herd Ole Bull. He dined with America's richest man, the eighty-year-old John Jacob Astor—now so senile he drooled when he ate his soup—and delighted him with perfect imitations on his violin of animals and the sounds of nature.

Ole's name was on everyone's lips: as the *Herald* remarked: "Music—music—music; the violin—the violin—the violin; Ole Bull—Ole Bull—Ole Bull. This is all the rage and there is no help for it."

There were of course sometimes a few false notes in the chorus of adulation. One source of irritation to Ole was the attitude of the then considerable French colony in New York towards his appearances. The members of it formed themselves into a solid opposition which barked and snapped at his heels like so many small angry dogs. The impression had got abroad among them that he had come to America expressly to shame and overshadow Artot, the French violinist who was already on the scene when Bull arrived in New York. There was a general boycott of the Bull concerts on the part of the French people and their newspaper, the *Courier des États Unis*, kept alive the feeling of jealousy and rivalry by attacks on Bull's character and comparisons between the talents of Bull and Artot which were more than humbling to the former. Mr. Bennett tried sternly in the columns of the *Herald* to put the French newspaper in its place:

"As if to mar the harmony of the whole, a set of silly, empty-headed Frenchmen, through the medium of a small and obscure French paper, have been warping their brains by writing musical criticisms, as foolish as they are illiberal, extolling Artot, and depreciating Ole Bull. We recommend these French barbers to stick to

the curling-tongs, and not to meddle in matters of which they are as ignorant as the genius of Bull is superior to the talent of Artot."

To make matters worse, there arrived in the city early in December the French-Belgian artist, Henri Vieuxtemps, an old rival of Bull's on the Continent and generally considered one of the first violin talents of the world. He was announced to give his initial performance on December 11, the same night Bull was scheduled for an appearance. Bull magnanimously advanced his date saying, according to the press, "I vill give Mr. Vieuxtemps a fair field—vhy not? Ve are all brudders." (Some of the papers always quoted Bull in his own broken English.)

Brothers they did not remain for long. Their rivalry continued; it continued for many months, not only in New York but in other cities. Bull seemed to have a definite edge over the Frenchman, although some impartial critics suggested Vieuxtemps was a more severe classical artist. The newspapers, strangely enough for that day, succeeded in maintaining a good-natured impartiality in this rivalry. All, that is, save the unregenerate *Courier des États Unis* which persisted in such unkind comparisons as this: "Vieuxtemps thunders; Artot excites to weeping; Ole Bull mews!" and the bristling Mr. Bennett who wanted Bull to answer his critics in the columns of the *Herald*. Bull's reply, as it appeared in that paper was only, "I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey writes against me and I plays against tem."

The last word in this artistic tempest was had by a lady critic who summed up with an air of simple finality: "France made Vieuxtemps and God made Ole Bull."

In the beginning of the new year, 1844, Ole Bull embarked on his first tour of the great American hinterland, a tour which was to take him as far south as New Orleans and as far north as Boston, and was to include excursions into Cuba and

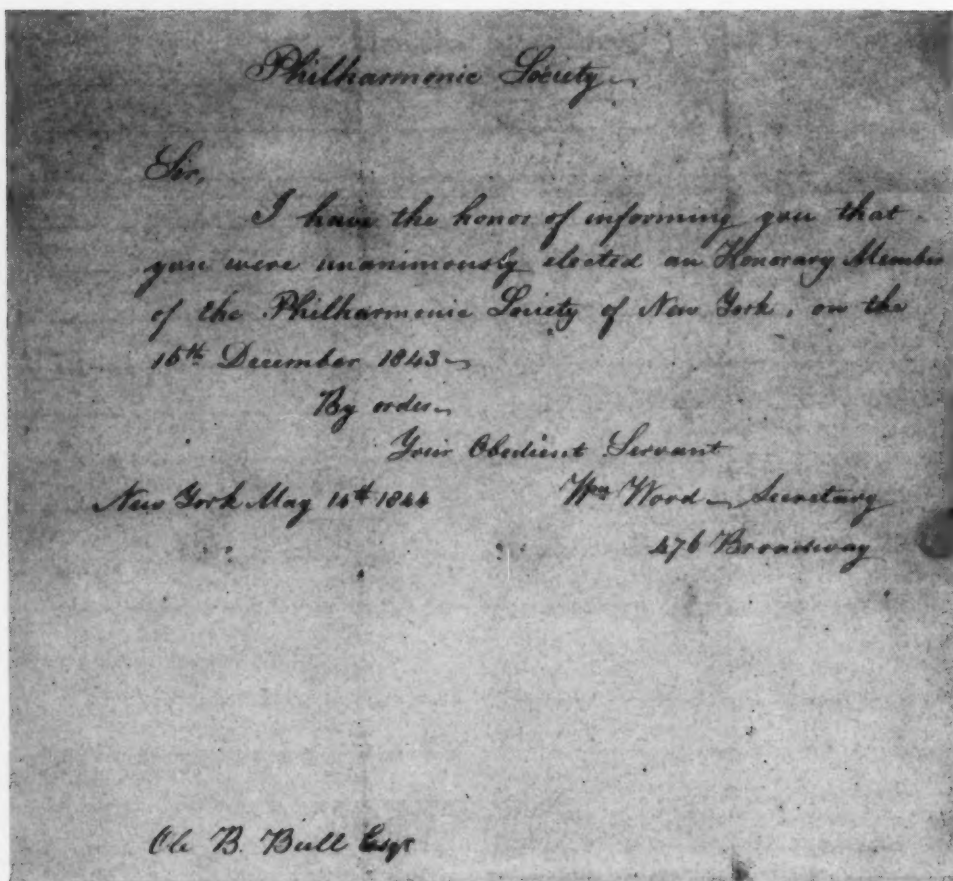
Canada. For the next two years he was almost constantly on the go, appearing in every city of any size east of the Mississippi, creating a *furor* never before produced by an artist in America. He was preeminently, and remained for almost forty years, the common people's ideal of a great musician. They were not only awestruck by his fireworks; what endeared him to them principally was his incomparable skill with melody, his knack for endowing their own simple folk songs with new life and feeling. His reputation for fiddle magic preceded him and on the day he was to give a concert the roads into town would be crowded with whole families travelling by ox-cart to hear him.

He was delighted with this rough, bawling, frontier country; his admiration for it flowed over in his letters to his wife Felicie, who was at home in Paris with the children. The ever-increasing expanse of railroads, the river steamboats, the cities increasing in population by leaps and bounds, the plentitude of money, even the multiplicity of religious sects—all the raw evidences of a wildly, joyously expanding country he noted with positive relish. He might complain to Felicie of the "conspiracies" against him (such as the French opposition) but there was never a word of complaint about the hardships and inconveniences of travel in this new country. Railroad building was proceeding at a feverish pace, but connecting links between various cities had by no means been completely forged at this time. Early in 1844 it took Ole Bull fifty-six hours to get from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—thirteen hours by railroad to Chambersburg and the rest by stagecoach over the Alleghanies. The roads were wretched, the cold was intense, and the roadside inns—sometimes as much as twenty hours apart—served miserable food. In arranging such trips Bull's advance agent would always write to remind him to take along a buffalo robe, warm travelling cap, woollen socks

to wear outside his boots, and would usually add the reminder, "Don't forget pistols." When Bull had to go from Providence to Hartford it took thirteen hours by stagecoach with no stopping-off places along the way for food.

The hazards and dangers of the road never worried Bull; they only added to the charm of a new and strange land. The people he was meeting were unlike anything he had ever known in the Old World, but he enjoyed their boisterous heartiness, their intrusive familiarity, their frank curiosity. They in turn took a native American delight in a character who was drawn with bold, sweeping brush strokes; they not only took pleasure in him as the best fiddler in the world but as a man who was built on the large physical scale they admired, a man who met their own earthy heartiness with roaring laughter and violent slaps on the back. The artist from Europe's great concert halls, the gentleman who had graced London and Paris drawing rooms, became to them "boss" and "partner."

A more finical artist than Ole Bull would have been driven to distraction by the conditions a concert-giver had to contend with in those days. There were almost no recognized musical societies to sponsor distinguished soloists save the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the Musical Fund Society in Philadelphia, and the recently formed New York Philharmonic Society (1842). The orchestral accompaniment Bull usually was able to obtain was of a type to make an artist shudder, even if the cost of hiring the orchestra was something of a compensation: three dollars for each player and five dollars for the conductor. Outside of the large cities it was possible to secure only piano accompaniment; usually Bull's agent had to make a desperate search to find even a passably good pianist. The halls where the concerts were held presented another problem. Some of the Western and Southern towns had no the-



*Letter from the Secretary of the Newly Organized Philharmonic Society Informing
Ole Bull of His Election as Honorary Member*

aters, halls, or "opera houses" and Ole was forced to resort to such makeshift arrangements as playing in storerooms over shops. Anything might happen at some of these provincial concerts; in St. Louis, for example, one of the oil lamps in the hall blew out, sending a shower of smoke and soot over the violinist. Intent on his playing, he was unaware of the incident until he had finished and took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead. Looking at his blackened violin, he exclaimed, "My poor fiddle, I am so sorry for you!"

In January 1844 Bull gave seven concerts in New Orleans, a city to which he

became much attached and to which he was to return in the following year for another series of appearances. From New Orleans he took the steamer to Havana, where he gave ten concerts to the rapturous appreciation of the Cubans, for whom he composed two pieces based on Cuban themes: *Agiaco Cubano* and *Recuerdos de la Habana*.

He returned to the United States by way of Charleston and after giving concerts there and in Columbia, Norfolk, and Baltimore, he went on to Boston for his debut there. Mr. Chickering, the president of the Handel and Haydn Society

and well-known pianoforte maker, set about arousing Boston, as he expressed it, to a "pitch of excitement, heretofore unknown in the musical world of this city." The Melodeon on the evening of Bull's initial appearance, May 21, 1844, was jammed with over two thousand persons, the largest audience, according to the *Transcript*, yet to appear in a Boston theater or music hall. Assisted by a Miss Stone, vocalist, and "a full orchestra under the direction of Mr. Herwig," Ole's program consisted entirely of his own compositions, the *Concerto in A Minor*, *Carnival of Venice*, *Mother's Prayer*, and the *Polacca*. That Boston was well content with them is shown by the reviews appearing in the daily papers. Some of the distinguished members of that first audience were equally well satisfied. Mr. Longfellow was content to note in his journal that Bull was a "great violinist," but Mrs. Longfellow struck a higher note of rapture:

"Passed the day in town and the evening in hearing Ole Bull. He is a divine musician—another Orpheus; and puts a soul into a violin almost angelic. Vieuxtemps and all other scrapers play from the head only—he from the heart chiefly, with deep pathos and sometimes drollery as in the Carnival at Venice. A mother's prayer, composed by him, was next to the Miserere for touchingness, such pleading, pleading tones deepening into more passionate appeals at the end, as if a mother's heart was really speaking thro' them. He is young to my surprise. A vast crowd and vast applause. Saw returning home a dozen moons instead of one—intoxicated by this music?"

Many another young lady of Boston left the Melodeon that night, rode home in her carriage in a pleasant reverie, and before going to bed confided to the inevitable journal her innermost feelings about this heavenly music. Her thoughts of it were apt to be mixed up with thoughts of its creator who was, she couldn't help noting, young, tall, hand-

some, and altogether god-like. Even Margaret Fuller, who was already at thirty-three a dour, unfrivolous woman with a mission, fell under the enchantment. "I am extremely happy in him," wrote Margaret. "He is one of my kin. . . . I felt raised above all care, all pain, all fear, and every taint of vulgarity was washed out of the world!"

Margaret, with typical proselyting zeal, persuaded Mr. Emerson to come in from Concord to hear Bull; he too was impressed by the violinist, but not unconscious of his artfulness. In his journal he wrote:

"Ole Bull a dignifying civilizing influence. Yet he was there for exhibition, not for music; for the wonders of his execution, not as St. Cecilia incarnated, who would be there to carry a point, and degrading all her instruments into meekest means. Yet he played as a man who found a violin in his hand, and so bent to make much of that; but if he had found a chisel or a sword or a spy-glass or a troop of boys, would have made much of them. It was a beautiful spectacle. I have not seen an artist with manners so pleasing. What a sleep as of Egypt on his lips in the midst of his rapturous music."

Staid old Boston made an effort to outdo rival New York in lionizing its distinguished visitor. Bull's concerts were always crowded to the doors, to the detriment of other attractions in the city such as Junius Booth in his Shakespearean repertoire and the Great Mass Temperance Celebration—"The Cold Water Army," as the *Transcript* called them. (The managers of the temperance convention found that most of their delegates were going to the Bull concerts instead of tending to temperance business.) The newspapers opened their columns freely for ecstatic reviews, picturesque biographical accounts, interviews, and the recording of Bull's daily actions. (One paper spoke of a man who was cured of rheumatism after listening to Ole's music.) Bull was immediately accepted in the best

OLE BULL

HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

FIRST CONCERT IN BOSTON

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

THE MELODEON,

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1888

WHEN HE WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MISS STONE,

—AND A—

FULL ORCHESTRA.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. HERWIG.

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**PROGRAMME.**

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PART I.

1.—GRAND OVERTURE—by the ORCHESTRA, . . . —

2.—CONCERTO in A, in 3 parts—

1. *Allegro Maestoso,*
2. *Adagio Sentimentale,*
3. *Rondo Pastorale,* }

composed and executed by Ole Bull.

3.—SONG—*Make me no gaudy chaplet*—Miss STONE—from
the Opera of *Lucrezia Borgin*, by Donizetti.

4.—CARNIVAL OF VENICE—composed by Nicolo
Paganini, and executed by Ole Bull.

PART II.

1.—SONG—*Casta Diva*—Miss STONE, Bellini.

2.—ADAGIO RELIGIOSO, or a Mother's Prayer—com-
posed and executed by Ole Bull.

3.—SONG—*There's a charm in Spring*—Miss STONE, Hullah.

4.—POLACCA GUERRIERA—composed and executed
by Ole Bull.

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**TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

To be had of Mr. Chickering, at the principal Music Stores, the Tremont  
House, United States Hotel, and at the Door.

Doors open at 7, and performance commences precisely  
at 8 o'clock.

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DUTTON AND WENTWORTH'S PRINT.

Program of Ole Bull's First Concert in Boston

literary and social circles of the town. He visited Mr. Ticknor, then Boston's literary overlord, and the Appletons on Beacon Street, and was invited out to the sleepy little village of Cambridge to talk with Mr. Longfellow at Craigie House and Mr. Lowell at Elmwood. Hostesses vied with each other in attempts to secure this lion for their parlors and young ladies blushed and stammered with excitement when he bent over their hands and talked so enchantingly, with that strange and delightful accent, of his struggles and triumphs in the Old World.

His fifth and last concert was given on June 4 when he bade farewell to the Bostonians in a little speech from the stage: "Ladies and gentlemen: May you sometimes remember one whose feelings of gratitude always shall be synonymous with the name of Boston. I never leave you. When I go, I don't go. I don't come back when I come. Boston shall be to me what the sunshine is to the little flower! May it be the flower of everlasting benediction to you!"

3.

For the rest of his stay in America Bull was to make his headquarters in New York. He might go to Bristol in Rhode Island or up to the springs at Saratoga for a little rest from his labors, but when he was not concertizing he preferred to be near his many new-found friends in the bustling atmosphere of the country's first city. Those friends were legion and they saw to it that the foreigner should not be lonely in a strange land—and they were careful, too, to impress on him that all was not vulgar commerce, that Americans, or at least New Yorkers, were capable of appreciating the finer things in life.

Among men of influence one of Bull's staunchest supporters was N. P. Willis who was constantly going off in soaring prose flights about Ole's playing and his person—"the sentimental puffery of the

cat gut of Ole Bull," is what the English actor Macready called these outbursts. To Willis Ole's music was full of a "fine frenzy that pulls hard upon the roots of my hair"; and his face was "as luminous as a cathedral window lit for Christmas."

Among the ladies of the town such a figure as Bull was bound to flutter hearts: true genius, and in such handsome guise, rarely appeared in the humdrum life of the city. They deluged him in his quarters at the Astor House with flowers, touching original verses, and invitations to tea or dinner, or interviews *tête-à-tête*. Ole, who had a wife and family in Paris, was courtly but diplomatic. Among his most devoted friends in the city was the abolitionist editor and novelist, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. She was a woman of wide influence and, although devoid of musical background, accomplished much in her writings to enhance the fame of her Norwegian friend. Her "Letters from New York" which she wrote as correspondent for the *Boston Courier*—and which contain many references to Ole Bull—often reveal a shrewd understanding of the world of the 1840s as it was lived in the American metropolis. Margaret Fuller, who came to New York toward the end of Bull's stay in America to write for Mr. Greeley's *Tribune*, was very friendly to Bull in her writings.

Bull also frequented the house of Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch, a determined young poetess around whose dainty figure there flourished New York's most brilliant *salon*. Every Saturday evening there crowded into her parlors in Waverly Place the cream of the town's literary society. Here Bull rubbed shoulders with Willis and his partner General Morris, known as "America's premier song writer," primarily because he had written "Woodman, Spare That Tree"; Catherine Sedgwick, the first lady novelist of her day; the uncouth Greeley and his editorial assistant, Albert Brisbane; mascu-

line Miss Fuller and meltingly feminine Fanny Osgood; the cocky parson turned critic, Dr. Rufus Griswold; and the somber-eyed Edgar Allan Poe. Ole was ever generous with his talent and many a night Miss Lynch's friends left Waverly Place with their ears ringing with the melodies of Norwegian folk songs. As little Norway's greatest representative of art in the outside world, Ole Bull was a passionate nationalist and never failed to emphasize Norway's claim to its own distinctive musical and cultural inheritance.

In spite of the attractions of the New World—generous audiences, a devoted press, worshipping females—Ole could not stay on forever. Felicie, his wife, had been pressing him for some time to return to Europe, and now in the early winter of 1845 he made his preparations to leave. Farewell concerts were given in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore attended by overflowing audiences anxious to hear him again before he left America and to hear his new compositions on American themes. These were his *Niagara* which Willis described as "a transfusion into music of the pulses of a human heart at Niagara"; *Prairie Solitude* which he composed before he had seen a prairie; and *To the Memory of Washington*, a "grand fantasia" which introduced the sounds of battle, the alternate airs of "God Save the King" and "Yankee Doodle," a march, and other patriotic effects.

His last two concerts in New York, given before audiences of over four thousand at the Tabernacle, were benefit performances, one for the Masons at which he was presented with the regalia of the New York branch, and one for the inmates of the Asylum for the Blind. A young woman in a box at his last concert threw a bouquet of white roses at his feet which he clasped to his heart, bowed low, and exclaimed in his best vein, "Ladies and gentlemen, these flowers will fade but the spirit which gives them will never

die from my grateful heart." To his young admirer such a sentiment must have been some compensation for a tart comment in one of the next morning's newspapers: "The lady might be the next inmate of the Lunatic Asylum. . . ."

On December 3, 1845, after an absence from Europe of just two years, Ole sailed from New York for Havre, accompanied by innumerable trunks and cases full of silver vases, jewels, medals, and other knick-knacks heaped upon him by the admiring American public. It was perhaps typical of the period that the *Herald*, in summing up the results of Ole's career in America, failed to make any mention of his influence on the awakening musical sense of the people. It was content to concern itself with box office statistics, estimating that Bull had travelled 100,000 miles, given over 200 concerts, reaped a profit of \$100,000, contributed \$20,000 to charitable causes, and paid \$15,000 to assisting artists. That record, in American eyes, was proof enough that he was a great musician.

America had not seen the last of Ole Bull; the future, indeed, was to find his life very closely bound to the country where he had experienced such pleasant triumphs. In the years to come he was to found a utopian colony for his Norwegian countrymen in the forests of northwestern Pennsylvania; was to take unto himself a second wife in the person of a young American girl; and was to settle into his last years as the grand old man of the American concert stage. But that is another story, or rather several stories, which must await another telling.

This article is part of a biography of Ole Bull soon to be published. The author writes that the "most colorful and bizarre figure of nineteenth-century Norwegian life deserves a full-length and objective memorial." Mr. Smith has had access to letters and papers left by Ole Bull's widow containing a great mass of unpublished material. Readers of the present article will appreciate the wealth of amusing early Americana which his researches have brought to light.—EDITOR'S NOTE

Norway and Finland

IT IS UNNECESSARY to dwell on the tragic circumstances that have brought Finland into the war on the side of the power that has despoiled Norway. In spite of this, the two countries have not broken off diplomatic relations. On September 22 the Norwegian Minister in Helsinki delivered to the Finnish Government a communication which is extremely moderate in tone, contemplating the reestablishment of friendly cooperation after the war. It reads as follows:

"In consideration of the excellent friendly relations which have always existed between Norway and Finland, the Norwegian Government wishes to appeal to Finland, its people and its Government, and to point out the danger to the future relations between the two countries, and to Scandinavia as a whole, which may arise from any continued warlike operations that Finland may undertake in connection with the power which has attacked Norway and with which Norway is still at war. The Norwegian Government, which earnestly wishes to avoid such danger, desires therefore to express the hope that the Finnish Government will not fail to take into account the neighborly relations to Norway. We know that the Finnish as well as the Norwegian nation is inspired by the hope that after the war a friendly relation of confidence may continue to exist between them. We are convinced that the Finnish people better than most others understand what the Norwegian people have to undergo during occupation by a foreign power. We hope therefore that the Finnish Government will give its most serious attention to this communication in order that the future cooperation between the free States of the North may once more be initiated and carried on for the happiness of all the Northern nations."

To this communication the Finnish Government on October 13 made the following reply:

"In Finland people have not ceased to regard the close kinship between the Northern peoples as one of their most important political lodestars. The practical realization of the Northern idea has in recent years been under the influence of war and power-political events, and as regards Finland especially of the fact that Finland since 1939 has had to strain all her powers in order to safeguard the country against the aggression of a neighboring State which stands outside the circle of the Northern countries. These events, however, have not in any way created a change in the feeling of the Finnish people toward their Northern neighbors, a feeling that is determined by a sense of warm friendship and by the efforts of the country to create a close cooperation between the people of the North. From a Finnish viewpoint it is clear that, whatever turn the political development may take in Europe in the future, the Northern States, whose kinship is so ancient and founded on so strong a basis, must preserve their inherited friendship. The Finnish Government hopes that, especially between Finns and Norwegians, a friendly relation of confidence may continue to exist after the war. At the same time it hopes that the Norwegians will understand the necessity for Finland to fight until she has won security against the danger that threatens the existence not only of Finland but of all Scandinavia."

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



NORWAY

A STEADILY GROWING GRIM INTENSIFICATION OF the resistance to Nazi tyranny has marked the situation in German-occupied Norway during the last three months. The desperate efforts of the German occupational

authorities to impose upon the Norwegian people by force Hitler's so-called New Order have resulted in a succession of executions of Norwegian patriots, banishment of hundreds of loyalists to concentration camps, suppression of loyal organizations, summary removal from office of loyal Norwegian officials, including Professor Didrik Arup Seip, Rector of the University of Oslo, continued interference with the teachings of the established Church and other religious bodies, and an attempt to convert Norway's free, modern, liberal educational system into a Nazi propaganda agency for the purpose of corrupting the minds of the young with the brutal and repulsive Nazi ideology.

But to their angry amazement the Germans are reluctantly learning that Norway has but a meager soil in which to produce a resurgent crop of barbarism. During the course of a thousand years the Norwegian people have moved steadily forward, step by step, frequently in pain and travail, as history shows, to ever higher levels of civilization, human freedom, political independence, and an enviable democratic way of life.

These achievements comprise a precious inheritance of the present generation of the Norwegian people. They are a part of the people's very life-blood, and they cannot at one fell swoop be destroyed, obliterated, or deflected in a false direction by a few quislings, by brutal treatment, or even by Hitler's ruthless military machine.

Every loyal Norwegian heart is imbued with a fiery zeal for the preservation of freedom and democracy and the liberation of the beloved country from the tyranny of a cruel enemy. The goal of the people's open and underground resistance is a liberated Norway. Nothing less. There can be no compromise. For the ultimate achievement of this goal men and women and young people throughout the now enslaved country are daily risking their lives and their personal liberty—what there is left of it—by carrying on all manner of resistance activities: sabotage, refusal to obey Nazi orders, resignations from local governmental positions, escapes to England and Canada to join the training camps of free Norway's armed forces allied with Great Britain in the war against Hitler. Thus occupied Norway's resistance and free Norway's fight will continue with unabated vigor until victory is won and Norway is once more free and independent.

AMONG THE MOST TRAGIC EVENTS during the last quarter were the execution by shooting in Bergen and Oslo of at least seven known patriots who gave up their lives in the fight for Norway's freedom. Loyal Norwegians characterize these executions by the Germans as military murder and the victims as martyrs to the cause of liberty. Five of the patriots were shot in Bergen and two in Oslo.

Outstanding among the victims were Viggo Hansteen and Rolf Wickström of Oslo. Hansteen was a brilliant young lawyer, Supreme Court practitioner, and counselor for the Norwegian Federation of Labor, a man of scholarly attainments and liberality of outlook. Wickström was an intelligent, conservative leader of organized Labor, who had counseled against a threatened general strike as a measure of retaliation against the Ger-

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man interference with the country's labor organizations.

The threatened strike was suppressed before it could be put into effect, and Wickström actually had nothing to do with furthering the strike agitation. Hansteen, as the legal representative of the Federation of Labor, and Wickström were charged with complicity in fomenting the strike movement and jailed by the Gestapo. They were given a peremptory hearing before a German military court, found guilty, and sentenced to death as a warning to others to refrain from endangering the security of the armed forces of Hitler's Third Reich.

On September 10, when Hansteen and Wickström were executed, Reichskommissar Josef Terboven proclaimed for Oslo and the immediately adjacent region a state of civil emergency in order more ruthlessly and quickly to suppress a feared uprising among the more daring of the embittered population. Furthermore, the general strike threat, in spite of the most cruel measures of suppression and Gestapo vigilance, had by no means completely subsided.

This situation proves that the strike movement was a spontaneous act of resistance on the part of the organized workers themselves and not the result of anything Hansteen and Wickström might have said or done to inflame them to action. But these two men were outstanding characters and for that reason selected to be the victims of German vengeance.

When they were marched out to be shot, the two martyrs to the cause of Norway's liberation walked side by side firmly, with heads up, to the stone wall and unflinchingly faced the firing squad. They refused hoods over their heads. Just before the shots rang out, killing them, they were seen to grasp each other by the hand, and then in a low, firm voice they joined in singing Norway's national anthem—*Ja vi elsker dette landet* — —

THREE OF THE FIVE MEN EXECUTED IN Bergen met death by a German firing squad on August 11. They were Melankton Rasmussen, a traveling salesman, Bergen; Fridtjof Pedersen, a ship's first officer, Farsund; and Konrad Lindeberg, Lista. The murder of these men, as the embittered population calls their execution, has aroused widespread condemnation and hatred of the Germans among the west coast districts where the victims were known and respected. They were found guilty of sabotage and condemned by a German military court without the right to be defended by their own counsel.

The other two victims in Bergen were shot on October 5 after being convicted by a military court of espionage, committing sabotage and complicity in the commission of sabotage. These two victims were Karsten Wang and Ivar Due-sund. The German-controlled Oslo radio station announced the executions on October 23, according to the Swedish Telegram Bureau's news release of that date.

It is indeed fortunate that it is still possible to obtain reliable news from Norway, where there is an almost iron-clad German censorship, through the Swedish newspapers and the Stockholm radio broadcasts. In this connection it is only fair to mention that the Swedish papers of all shades of opinion agree in condemning the execution of Hansteen and Wickström and expressing warm sympathy and admiration for "our brother people."

DESTRUCTION OF NORWAY'S DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS by the dismissal of loyal public officials and the dissolution of private organizations which refuse to be harnessed to Hitler's New Order are proceeding apace throughout the country. This includes constant interference with the Church authorities and with the nation's free educational system, from the kindergartens to the Institutes of Technology and the University.

As previously reported in the REVIEW, a large number of the professors and instructors at the University of Oslo resigned during the early part of this year and at the opening of the autumn semester of 1940. Some of these men escaped from the country, via Sweden, making their way to England where they joined free Norway's Government in Exile in London. A few came as far as the United States by way of Siberia and across the Pacific Ocean. One of these latter is the widely known scientist, Professor Svein Rosseland, mathematician and astronomer, who recently arrived at Princeton University after the most harrowing experiences with the German oppressors in Norway and during his escape to this country.

Recently Wilhelm Rediess, chief of the German police in Norway, announced over the Oslo radio the dismissal of Professor Didrik Arup Seip from his position as Rector (academic head) of Oslo University for refusing to put into effect Nazi orders regarding university instruction. This occurred in the beginning of September while Oslo was ruled by the Germans with an iron hand under Reichskommissar Terboven's so-called "civil emergency" proclamation.

Chief of Police Rediess announced further that the Norwegian puppet Minister of Church and Education, Schanke, temporarily would take over the administration of the University. Meanwhile the Germans scanned the country for an available puppet to serve as Professor Seip's successor. They found him in the person of the traitor, Adolf Hoel, who for many years has held the position of docent at the University. He is an expert in Arctic affairs, and he had something to do with setting up the Nazi radio station on the east coast of Greenland. This station was recently confiscated and removed by order of the Navy Department at Washington. The German and other personnel and the equipment were re-

cently brought to Boston by a U. S. Navy patrol ship.

In September, 1940, Docent Hoel joined Quisling's "Nasjonal Samling" (national unity party). As a reward the Germans bestowed upon him his long coveted title of professor. Now he has been appointed Rector of the University. In this position, as in his other recent activities, he is a mere tool in the hands of Hitler and his Nazi tyrants in Norway.

In the course of the last three months the Germans have dissolved the following organizations: the Salvation Army, the Norwegian Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, "Nordmannsforbundet" (International League of Norsemen), the Committee for National Relief, and the Norwegian People's Relief Organization. The funds of all these organizations were confiscated.

AN INCREASING NUMBER OF ARRESTS of loyalists in all parts of the country has marked the intensified resistance. The number of arrested persons during the last quarter of the year runs into many hundreds, with the result that the jails and concentration camps are becoming more and more overcrowded.

At least two new concentration camps have been built, one near Bergen to relieve the overcrowding at Ulven, and one near Tromsø in the far north. The conditions in the jail connected with Möllergaten police station, Oslo, the city's police headquarters, are reported to be almost beyond human endurance, due to overcrowding and the German police guards' barbaric treatment of the Norwegian prisoners held on suspicion of being spies, saboteurs, or on charges of other resistance activities.

German methods are here exemplified by compelling the arrested and helpless victims, among them aged and crippled men, to stand for hours upright facing the stone walls of their cells. Many of

those who have attempted to change their posture or have dropped to the stone floor exhausted, have been mercilessly lashed until they have lapsed into unconsciousness.

The total number of victims now confined in concentration camps in Norway is reported to be upward of 3,000, while hundreds of those regarded by the Nazis as dangerous leaders have been shipped to concentration camps in Germany. Among these is Major General Otto Ruge, who led Norway's heroic military operations at the time of the invasion. With his small, poorly armed, and scantily equipped Norwegian force, General Ruge held the Germans at bay for sixty-one days, longer than any of the other nations that were attacked and invaded by Hitler's powerful, mechanized war machine.

On October 3 last King Haakon directed that General Ruge be awarded the highest decoration of the Order of St. Olav, the great cross with chain.

On the same day the Norwegian Government in Exile at an important meeting in London, presided over by the King, adopted regulations for the enforcement of an earlier adopted provisory death penalty law applicable, even after the war is over, to those convicted of offenses against the security of the Norwegian State. Such offenses are enumerated in the Norwegian articles of war. The articles were made retroactive in order temporarily to be in force in peace time immediately after Norway has regained its national independence. A provision fixing forced labor as a penalty upon conviction of certain offenses in this category was also adopted.

A RECENT ORDER OF THE NAZI administration demanded that the entire population of Norway deliver its woolen blankets to the local German authorities. Shortly thereafter came an order to deliver up every privately owned radio set in the country. On top of all this came

orders to yield up all men's and boys' wind-breaker garments and finally every pair of privately owned skis found in the cities, towns, villages, and rural districts throughout the land.

These demands aroused widespread consternation, resentment, and loud protest, all to no avail. It was obvious what the Germans wanted all these things for. Both near Moscow and on the Finnish front the severe Russian winter has set in, and the woolen blankets and men's wind-breakers are needed to keep the Nazi soldiers warm, regardless of whether the Norwegians freeze.

The skis are also needed for the army in Russia, but the boys' wind-breakers are intended for the little Nazi boys in Germany, where there is a shortage of nearly everything. This in spite of the fact that Germans have robbed Norway and every other occupied country of their surplus stocks of food, clothing, and all other manufactured goods as well as of all the raw materials they could lay their hands on for shipment to Germany.

REICHSKOMMISSAR TERBOVEN, IN A speech he made from the steps of the University in Oslo, very graciously explained that it was immaterial to the German Reich whether or not a few thousand Norwegians froze or starved to death as a result of a lack of woolen blankets or proper food. The German army had to bear the brunt of the war and therefore was entitled to first consideration.

According to a report published in Swedish newspapers, members of Quisling's national unity party, and their number is relatively small, were permitted to keep their woolen blankets. The radio sets were confiscated on the ground that "foreign propaganda," that is to say, British, and the Norwegian Government's broadcasts from Boston, were listened to in preference to Nazi broadcasts from Berlin.

Confiscation of the radio sets has resulted in the creation of a secret loyal news service and the publication of an underground two-page daily newspaper carrying the latest radio news from London. So far the Gestapo has failed to locate the place where the newspaper is prepared or the radio sets over which the news is surreptitiously received.

THERE HAVE BEEN SPORADIC instances of British, possibly also Norwegian, bombing of Norwegian coastal regions of late. Some of these air bombers have penetrated as far as Oslo and inflicted damage in the environs of the capital. The Norwegians have welcomed the bombings by the British Royal Air Force with a show of great satisfaction.

But the Germans are frightened and are constantly on the alert against a feared British invasion. The fear has affected Terboven's nerves, with the result that he has moved from Skaugum, residence of Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märtha, and forcibly taken possession of a shipowner's residence in Drammensveien in the West End of Oslo.

This house is less exposed to air bombers than Skaugum, and Hitler's No. 1 civil administrator in Norway must, of course, protect himself. Terboven's nervous fear is further evidenced by his wearing a big, broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes and riding in a closely guarded limousine when going about the city. For this precaution there is good reason, in view of the hatred of the people.

THE EXILED GOVERNMENT OF FREE Norway at a recent meeting in London adopted its budget for the first half year financial term of 1941-1942. Its total was 100 million kroner, of which nearly one-half was appropriated for military purposes. A total of 34.5 million kroner was appropriated to pay interest and instalments on Norway's national debt. The

budget this time is considerably larger than that of the preceding half-year term, when the appropriation totaled 71.5 million kroner. The increase this time, according to Minister of Finance Torp, is due mainly to added expenses for defense purposes.

"The fundamental idea underlying the budget," Mr. Torp said, "is our faith in the future and in the ability and will of the Norwegian people to stand united and remain steadfast in the struggle. In accord with the understanding and the will of the entire Norwegian people at home, the weapons shall be forged with which to crush the régime of tyranny and drive the Germans and quislings out of the country. Norway belongs to the Norwegian people. Our task is to give the country back into the Norwegian people's hands."



THE MEMORY OF VIGGO HANSTEEN and Rolf Wickström, the two Norwegian labor representatives who were executed by the Germans, was honored at the opening of the meeting on September 11 of the Swedish Labor Federation Congress, which convened in Stockholm from September 6 to 15. The delegates listened standing to an address by August Lindberg, President of the Federation. On the wall was displayed a crape-hung Norwegian flag. A resolution was adopted, reading in part: "We wish to voice our solidarity with and our admiration for the Norwegian working class, which has maintained its allegiance to our common ideals, democracy and national liberty. . . . Germany's Nazi rulers have often stated that a people is not deprived, with impunity, of its honor. Neither can the Norwegian people be subdued by violence or force of arms. Hansteen and Wickström

have written their names indelibly in the history of the Norwegian people. We honor their memory, which will create a closer bond among the Scandinavian peoples."

This act of terrorism—with others that were to follow—was bitterly and unani-mously denounced in the Swedish press. "The death sentences and the executions are characteristics of Germany's domi-nation of Europe," wrote the Liberal *Göteborgs-Posten* of Gothenburg, "and they bring to mind the last years of Napoleon's reign. Apparently every power that seeks the mastery of Europe, occupying country after country, sooner or later finds itself in the same position as Napoleon—a position which the Ger-mans themselves seem to have reached today." The Conservative *Svenska Dag-bladet* said that "the bullets that felled Hansteen and Wickström whizzed closely above the heads of the Labor Congress delegates in Stockholm, ricocheted across the Baltic Sea, and did not miss their mark even in Finland. The Congress voiced not only the agitated feelings among one million organized Swedish workers, but also the sympathy of the entire Swedish people for its sister nation, Norway, in her proud grief and deep suffering," concluded this paper. The Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* of Stock-holm wrote that "the fact that a complete rule of force has become necessary after only a little more than one year of occu-pation is the best example of how thor-oughly the New Order has failed in Norway." The *Svenska Morgonbladet* said that the deepest possible sympathy rises from Sweden in these days and reaches across the border, if only the Norwegians can sense it. This paper also doubted that violence can crush the Nor-wegians. The Conservative evening paper in Stockholm, *Nya Dagligt Allehanda*, considered the entire Quisling régime one "enormous psychological blunder." The *Social-Demokraten* pointed out that the

Norwegian workers' organizations had demonstrated their willingness to arbi-trate almost to the limit. This proved the untruth of Terboven's charge that Com-munistic elements "tried to disturb the labor peace in a criminal manner." The reformist labor movement, this paper continued, discussed a strike when the authorities refused to negotiate as to the reinstatement of discharged labor leaders and the granting of extra inflationary compensation, which even the Employers' Association considered reasonable.

A "NORWEGIAN MEETING" was ar-ranged by the Stockholm organization of the Swedish Social-Democratic party on September 19. Gunnar Andersson, vice president of the Swedish Federation of Labor, was the principal speaker. "These last days," he said, "have witnessed events which are inconceivable to us. In themselves, however, they only give fresh evidence of how alien is a government such as that now forced upon Norway to the Scandinavian peoples' own idea of justice and freedom. In the long run liberty can never be suppressed." The meeting approved unanimously the reso-lution of the Swedish Federation of Labor condemning the executions of civilians in Norway.

The directors of the Norden Society, a cultural organization with branches in all the Scandinavian countries, also ex-pressed their profound grief over the events in Norway and their warm sympathy for the sorely tried Norwegian people.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS NOMINATED Herschel V. Johnson of North Carolina, Minister-Counselor of the American Em-bassy in London, to be United States Minister to Sweden, succeeding Frederick A. Sterling.

THREE OF SWEDEN'S DESTROYERS, the *Göteborg*, *Claes Horn*, and *Claes Uggla*, blew up and sank on the morning of Sep-

tember 17. The accident occurred while the ships were tied together alongside a pier at the naval base in the Hårsfjärden Bay on the Baltic, about twenty miles southeast of Stockholm. Thirty-three persons were killed or missing, including one officer, seven noncommissioned officers, seventeen enlisted men, and eight sailors. Eleven were injured. The material loss is estimated at about 45,000,000 kronor, or more than \$11,000,000. The *Göteborg*, largest and newest of the three vessels, was launched in 1936. Its tonnage was 1,040 and it had a complement of about 130 officers and men. The *Claes Horn* and *Claes Uggle* were sister ships, each of 1,020 tons, and both launched in 1931. They each carried about 125 officers and men.

The *Göteborg* broke in two and sank rapidly. A pillar of fire, 600 feet high, rose from the water. The *Claes Horn* and the *Claes Uggle* were showered with burning oil, which started explosions on board them and caused them to sink too. Fortunately, most members of the crews were on shore leave when the explosion occurred. Heroic attempts were made to cut loose the *Claes Uggle* from its pier in order to save the ship. Its crew, however, was commanded to leave the blazing vessel to avoid unnecessary sacrifice of human lives.

The presence of mind and the acts of individual courage on the part of every officer and man greatly helped to reduce the magnitude of the disaster.

Many churches displayed crape-hung Swedish flags on Sunday, September 21, when the memory of the victims was honored all over Sweden. King Gustaf, attired in the uniform of an Admiral, attended a special service in the church of the Stockholm Navy Yard. On the same day, and in the presence of Rear Admiral Count Gösta Ehrensvärd, Chief of the Coastal Fleet of the Swedish Navy, the surviving members of the crews of the three destroyers, standing on the badly

damaged pier at the Hårsfjärden base, rendered a last salute to their lost comrades. After the service the Navy chaplain and Commander Helge Strömbäck, chief of the ill-fated squadron, were rowed in a gig the short distance to the exact place where the ships had sunk and placed a wreath of oak leaves on the water.

AN INVESTIGATION WAS STARTED immediately, headed by Admiral Ehrensvärd. No evidence of sabotage was found after the questioning of over 300 persons. The theory that the accident might have been caused by a boiler explosion or a carelessly handled aerial bomb was discarded. It seemed most probable that an exploded torpedo was the cause. Torpedo practice had been held just before the accident occurred. A further technical examination will be made when the destroyers have been salvaged.

A national fund collected for the families of the victims reached a final sum of 551,349 kronor. The size of the amount permits a distribution of money also to families of service men who had lost their lives in earlier accidents. A sum of \$1,000 was received by Admiral Fabian Tamm, chief of the Royal Navy, from the Gulf Oil Corporation of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to be distributed similarly.

In a radio address in Gothenburg on September 27 Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf paid tribute to the victims of the explosion as well as to the officers and men of the Swedish merchant fleet, of whom more than 800 have perished in the present war. The Norwegian Government in Exile telegraphed from London its condolences to the Swedish Government.

AN IMPORTANT VISITOR FROM GREAT BRITAIN in September was George Gibson, vice president and former president of the British Trades Union Congress, who attended the meeting of the Swedish Federation of Labor Congress in Stock-

holm as a special guest. He spoke at the session and said in part: "We not only understand the position Sweden has taken, but we also appreciate it. We are glad to know that this island of democracy exists, that it lives, and that it lives in freedom and independence. Our hope is that Sweden may remain a free and independent nation."

Upon his return to England Mr. Gibson gave a radio address in London directed to Sweden. "We see," he said, "how Sweden steadfastly adheres to its ancient tradition of liberty, despite pressure, perhaps even threats. We see in Sweden the only remaining country in the North where people can still speak their minds without fear of consequences. We see your workers make up differences with their employers by means of direct negotiations and not on government order. We see a country where free men and women can elect a government and depose it if it does not do the will of the people. We do not ask you to jeopardize your liberty. All we ask is that you do nothing which harms us or our allies. We know that you cannot be indifferent in your hearts. We know that there is a reason, a purpose, and a conviction in your endeavors and in your thoughts which tell you that only with a victory of the Allies can you preserve your own rights and your own freedom."

In an article in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 27 Mr. Gibson described further his impressions of Sweden. "No other country in the world," he wrote, "has more to teach about the democratic way of life. While it is a comparatively small country, it has a highly developed economy and has had the courage to follow economic principles to more logical conclusions than some other democracies. A higher proportion of its workers are organized in trade unions than in almost any country in the world. Out of a population of less than six million and a half

the Swedish Trades Unions have a total membership of over a million."

"Sweden is the last island of democracy in northern Europe," Mr. Gibson went on. "It is of the utmost importance that we help her to maintain her independence, neutrality, and democracy. I hope we shall hear less carping criticism of a country struggling manfully in the face of tremendous difficulties. I offer her the highest degree of sympathy and appreciation in her sincere efforts to maintain her independence. I am convinced that, if the Nazis do try anything, Sweden will fight. The Swedes are as conscious as anyone that if Britain falls, the torch of liberty will be extinguished all over Europe, and they pray that Britain may win."

SWEDEN'S CULTURAL LIFE sustained major losses through the deaths of Hjalmar Söderberg, Karl-Erik Forsslund, and Axel Ebbe. With Hjalmar Söderberg passed one of the greatest contemporary Swedish writers, whose brilliant short stories, novels, and dramas are admired for their incisive style, poetic melancholy, and accurately defined local color. He died October 14 in Copenhagen, where he had lived since 1917. — Axel Ebbe, prolific and talented sculptor, who died September 29, was born on a farm in Skåne in 1868. Among his many works should be mentioned the gracious and imaginative nude figure called *The Sunflower* in the Malmö Kungspark, and *The Embrace*, the statue of a young woman with her arms flung wide in an exuberant welcome. It is placed on the Trelleborg embankment, on the southernmost coast of Sweden. — Karl-Erik Forsslund, author, folklorist, and historian, devoted his life to writing about his beloved province of Dalarne. He was an ardent spokesman for the preservation of ancient culture and customs, a nature lover, a scholar of many attainments, and a sincere teacher of farmers and woodsmen

whom he made understand and love better the place in which they were born. His book *The Manor House* is an apotheosis to his native soil. A work of lasting worth is also *With the Dal River from the Source to the Sea* which tells the fascinating story of the rôle played by this mighty waterway in Sweden's cultural, economic, geographic, and historical life.

A CORRECTION

In the Quarter's History for September, under the section for Sweden, a quotation was made from the Swedish paper *Social-Demokraten*. It was taken at second hand, from a source which we had reason to believe was accurate. We have now received clippings of the various articles from Sweden, and find that the quotation was not editorial, but was taken from a resolution passed by a conference of the officers of the Young People's Social-Democratic Clubs in Stockholm. The resolution did not contain the words, as quoted in our source, "Finland was not this time attacked," but says:

"We wish to express it as our opinion that the great trial of strength between Germany and the Soviet is simply a link in the German war against the British Empire, and that therefore every support, moral or material, given Germany or allies of Germany is taking sides for Nazism in its war against the democracies. . . . We understand Finland's unhappy position which led to the country being dragged into the war against the will of the people after having been forced to open its territory to German troops. But every active support of Finland at this moment means giving up Swedish neutrality and carries us a step nearer Swedish participation in the war on Germany's side. It is also a stab in the back to our Norwegian brothers."

Social-Demokraten editorially expresses disagreement with the resolution of the young party members, saying that

"Finland's national independence must even now be regarded as of the greatest importance to Sweden."



DENMARK

THE THIRD WINTER OF THE WAR—THE SECOND of the occupation—is beginning, and Denmark with the rest of German-occupied Europe faces heavy and severe hardships.

Only once before in history has Denmark been totally occupied by enemy forces. Denmark's national poet laureate, Bernhard Severin Ingemann, tells us how the Danish people used to pray during that period—the dreaded Interregnum from 1332 to 1340, when the Germans under Count Gert the Bald, plundered and looted Denmark as they are now doing the Continent of Europe. "Holy Saint Canute," they whispered for fear the Germans should hear them, "Holy Saint Canute, pray for us to our Lord and the Holy Virgin. Don't let us lose our way amongst the many cruel foreign masters. Don't turn us into cattle or werewolves in these days of evil. Don't let the Germans tear asunder what God Almighty hath joined."

In 1340 the prayer was heard when a Danish knight, Niels Ebbesen, alone and unaided chopped off the head of Count Gert. The prayer will be heard again. Day by day the resistance against the German oppressors is growing in Denmark. The British V for Victory campaign with Beethoven's leitmotif became a great inspiration and success. A number of business enterprises immediately grasped the possibilities of the idea. Thus a big department store in Copenhagen advertized in the papers *Vi Vil Vinde* (We shall win)—many customers, or whatever it might be. The Germans naturally tried to spoil the campaign by using the V for the German "Vic-

toria," and they smeared enormous V's on several oil tanks and on the fence of a great lumber yard outside of Nyborg, with the result that the R.A.F. bombed that excellent target and thus destroyed very valuable supplies.

MANY HAVE BEEN ARRESTED for dotting and dashing the V message or for singing it where German soldiers and officers were present. As a matter of fact, a Dane seems liable to arrest for simply walking down the street in his once free and independent country. With Mr. Thune Jacobsen as Minister of Justice, the final Germanization of the Danish police is being speeded. The Danish policemen, who before the war were a peaceful, good-natured and helpful group of citizens, are now carrying rifles and revolvers, and impose the strictest Prussian discipline on the population. A deluge of fines and prison terms is pouring down over the people for the slightest offenses. So many have been arrested that the prisons are over-crowded, and it has become necessary to build new prisons and establish several concentration camps. In Elsinore and in Copenhagen the police were forced to introduce waiting lists for people sentenced to prison, and it was with regret that people who wanted to serve their time during their vacation in the summer months received the sad message that they could not be accommodated.

THE TWO MOST PROMINENT INMATES of the prisons in Denmark recently have been the historian Dr. Vilhelm la Cour and his publisher Arne Sørensen. Dr. la Cour was sentenced to eighty days in jail for writing an article "Words to Us Today," while Mr. Sørensen was sentenced to sixty days in jail for publishing it. The article compared conditions in Denmark today with the situation in Germany during the Napoleonic wars as described by the German historian Johann Gottlieb Fichte in his lectures at Berlin University. Fichte, who was infuriated with the

French occupation of the German capital, called upon the students of the University to resist the French tyranny. It is Fichte's words that Dr. la Cour has called "Words to Us Today."

Fichte in his lectures told the students how the French army of occupation was parading in Germany's cities and fortresses, on the roads and in the ports. He suffered under these humiliations, unable to understand how any German with the slightest sense of honor could fraternize with the enemy. He saw the country and the youth of the country go to perdition in an abyss of sin and corruption. He castigated those rascals without honor who placed themselves at the disposal of the French. Said Fichte: "If we are unable to liberate ourselves, we have but one hope for the future—England—that old, tough, fabulously slow and fabulously stubborn England. She and she alone would in that case be the last bulwark of liberty in Europe—the bulwark of European countries. What debt we should owe England, should that country after decades of war save all of the people of Europe from oppression! No German would ever be able to repay her."

"Words to Us Today"—the quintessence of this German philosopher's teachings—was judged by a court in Denmark to be a danger to the friendly relationship between Denmark and the outside world, in this case Germany.

Dr. la Cour had already had one article confiscated in which he warned the Danes against the growing danger of Nazification and the consequent weakening of the national feeling and public morale. He said the time had come when we must make up our minds to say Yes or to say No. We must understand that there is no in between for us any more. While in prison Dr. la Cour has written another article that is already in great demand. He writes: "We are now entering the last winter of the war. When that is over and the storms of the vernal equinox are

raging as never before, we shall be nearing the end." And his final words are: "Then we shall again be able to breathe in Denmark; the foreigners will have been thrown out, and we shall be masters in our own house."

WHEN WRITING ABOUT PRESENT-DAY Denmark it would be impossible not to mention the fact that, since the German occupation, two distinct but closely correlated Denmarks have taken shape. One the Mother country—blackened out, tyrannized over, prostituted, plundered and exploited by her "friendly and closely related neighbor" Germany—"the other the free Denmark constituted of the Danes who at the time of the invasion were living abroad, and who during the last one and one-half years have gathered their forces in the fight against the common enemy on the side of Britain and her Allies. The center of this Free Denmark is, as a matter of course, Washington, D.C., where His Majesty the King of Denmark's Minister to the United States, His Excellency Henrik de Kauffmann, by his stand on April 9, and in the Greenland Treaty where Greenland volunteered as a link in the American defense system, has won the respect and admiration of his compatriots at home and of free Danes all over the world. Just recently Minister de Kauffmann, as the representative of the Danish Crown, and recognized by the United States as having the sole responsibility for the expenditures of all Danish funds in this country, consolidated Denmark's interests abroad by attaching the Greenland Delegation and the administration of Greenland to the Danish Foreign Service under his own supervision. This move has been fully recognized by the State Department in Washington, and it is to be hoped that this consolidation in the future will prove to be of the greatest benefit to the Danish participation in the Allied-American war effort.

Denmark with her large merchant marine was, even before the German attack, making a great contribution by transporting war materials to Britain and aiding in the general exchange of goods between the different parts of the Empire and the rest of the world. But in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that more than six thousand Danish officers and crews with Danish ships from the very beginning of the war have risked their lives carrying supplies to the Allies, in spite of the hundreds of young Danes—women and men—who have volunteered their services, Denmark today is not recognized as a belligerent against Germany. Actually, however, Denmark is an ally in all but name.

IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ANY OUTSIDER to understand what has happened to the Danish Government. At the time of the occupation everybody in Denmark and Danes living abroad believed in the absolute sincerity and patriotism of their Government. After the invasion a Government representing the four major parties was formed. Prime Minister Stauning remained in office while the Minister for Foreign Affairs, P. Munch, was superseded by Mr. Eric Seavenius whose German tendencies have been well known to the Danish public ever since World War I. Nobody has yet actually doubted Mr. Stauning's honor and patriotism, but it cannot be denied that grave doubts are arising as to whether he is not being cowed into an attitude of defeatism. In an interview with the Swedish newspaper *Aftonbladet* his statements were of such a character that they could only harm Denmark's interests in the outside world. The Prime Minister persistently maintained that Denmark's sovereignty and independence were unimpaired. Regarding the conditions within Denmark the Prime Minister stated that Denmark was occupied, that this, naturally, "was not amusing," but that nothing could be done

about it. Denmark had maintained her independence and took care of her own administration. The unemployment problem was not of major importance. Denmark at present had only 40,000 men out of work, the lowest number during the last two decades; 40,000 workers were now employed in Germany and they were "as far as the Prime Minister knew, satisfied with their condition." A few dissatisfied workers had returned home.

No doubt Mr. Stauning and the other members of the Government are working under duress and threats of dire reprisals should they not be willing to say and do the things demanded from Berlin. But Mr. Stauning has not always been happy in his utterances. We remember his speech at Lund in March 1937, when he turned against the idea of a Scandinavian Defensive Alliance, and his speech to the Danish students on March 8, 1941, when he recommended that the Danish people should adjust itself to the New Order in Europe.

KING CHRISTIAN'S POPULARITY with the people was manifested again this year on September 26, His Majesty's seventy-first birthday. He is the leader of his people, who follow him through these bad times with full confidence in his great courage and ability as head of the country. It is due to his urgent and no doubt wise request that no open sabotage has taken place as yet. The people know that he acts solely in the interests of the country, and that he will give the "go ahead" signal when the time is ripe and open resistance can be of value. Time and again the King has given expression to his independence of the Germans, who fear him. Thus before Dr. la Cour and Arne Sørensen went to jail, they were entertained by the King at the royal palace, and he has visited the internment camp for British prisoners of war in Denmark. At a meeting in the Danish Students' Association, His Majesty spoke to

the students and their guests, saying: "It is my sincere wish for the future that I shall be able to hand Denmark over to my son, free and independent, as I received it from my father."

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION in Copenhagen has taken a great interest in the national awakening in Denmark ever since April 9. This year Kaj Munk spoke at the initiation of the new students in the "Heimdal" section. Hundreds of young people filled the hall to capacity and many were standing on the staircase outside to hear his words. Kaj Munk has probably never spoken better than he did that evening when he told his eager audience what it meant to be Danish and what it meant to be a Christian. "Old King Gorm," he said, "United Denmark. But it looks now as if it were King Christian the Tenth who united the Danes. We stand united with our present Government because our King demands it of us. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact that a denationalization and a dechristianization unfortunately had taken place during the last generation. It is our right and duty to be proud of what our people have contributed to world progress. But pride is a crime unless tempered with humility." And turning directly to the audience he said: "You young people are going to graduate, to marry and get positions, and good luck to you!—But above all you must be God-fearing Danish men and women who can turn our people away from the spirit of defeat."

IN AN EFFORT TO RELIEVE UNEMPLOYMENT, the Danish Government has sought and obtained an internal loan of 250,000,000 Kr., the largest single loan ever made by the State. New harbor facilities, roads, and extensions of the railway system are to be built. Within a week more than 100,000,000 Kr. had been subscribed. On September 14 the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Gunnar Larsen,

broke ground for the new Rödby-Femern route—a combined speedway and railroad construction. This new route is to connect Denmark with the Continent.



ICELAND

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS have now been established between the United States and Iceland, in accordance with a provision in the arrangement made known on July 7 between the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Iceland when the American troops arrived in Iceland to protect her from enemy invasion.

The first American Minister to Iceland, Mr. Lincoln McVeagh, presented his credentials to the Regent of Iceland on September 30, 1941. On this occasion he said among other things: "Icelanders and Americans, we are both descended from men who feared the terrors of the sea less than they loathed the rule of the oppressor, and pushed off in frail ships to seek freedom in a newer world. We are both descended from generations which maintained their liberty jealously, and we both love it still, more strongly than our lives.

"American hearts always beat faster when they hear the name of Iceland. The thousand-year-old glory of this magnificent northern bastion of human idealism thrills us like the call of our own martial but democratic trumpets. We want our own freedom, and we want Iceland free, and I believe you reciprocate our sentiments."

In his reply the Regent said: "I was very glad to hear your friendly expressions about my people. I can assure you that we heartily reciprocate your sentiments when you say that you want freedom and that you want Iceland free. Our admiration for the people of the United States and their great love of and struggle

for freedom and democracy under the leadership of your excellent President, makes closer cooperation with the United States very welcome to us."

As Iceland's first Minister to the United States, the Government of Iceland has appointed Mr. Thor Thors, Consul General in New York. He delivered his credentials to the President in the beginning of November.

A TRADE DELEGATION FROM ICELAND arrived in the United States in the latter part of August. The main purpose of this Delegation is to negotiate with the United States Government concerning various questions of finance, trade, and shipping which are of vital importance to Iceland. Chairman of the Delegation is Mr. Vilhjalmur Thor, Managing Director of the National Bank of Iceland. The other members are Mr. Asgeir Asgeirsson, member of the Althing and former Prime Minister, and Mr. Björn Olafsson, Director of the Chamber of Commerce in Reykjavik.

THE HERRING SEASON lasted this time from July 20 until the first days of September. Most of the time the weather out at sea was bad, rough seas and fog, and the result is that this was one of the most meager herring seasons for many years. The quantity of herring oil this year was only 650,000 "mál" (a mál is approximately 300 lbs.) compared to 1,646,000 mál for 1940. Salted herring was about 38,000 barrels against 87,000 barrels in 1940. The export price of all herring and herring products is estimated about 17 or 18 million kronur. Last year the exports amounted to 38 million kronur.

Agriculture, on the other hand, has been successful. Haymaking is of the greatest importance to Icelandic farmers. Due to fair and dry weather in the farmland, most of the hay was brought to the barns in good condition. The second important thing, the growing of vegetables was also

fine and the crops considerably larger than in previous years.

THE ALTHING WAS SUMMONED on October 13 in order to deal with the problem of how to stop the ever increasing prices on necessities. The coalition Cabinet found it impossible, however, to come to an agreement concerning the solution of the problem and the result was that the Cabinet resigned on October 22. The Regent is studying the situation before taking further steps in this political crisis.

ICELAND CELEBRATED the 700th anniversary of the death of Snorri Sturluson, her most famous writer, on September 22. The main celebration took place in Reykhold where Snorri was killed, but the University of Iceland also paid tribute to his memory in a solemn ceremony where the principal speaker was Professor Sigurdur Nordal. Among telegrams received was one from the Norwegian Prime Minister, Nygaardsvold, sending the greetings of the Norwegian people to the memory of the eminent Icelandic scholar who wrote the *Heimskringla*, or the History of Norwegian Kings.

THE AMERICAN TROOPS in Iceland are now settling down. The Commander of the forces, Major General Bonesteel, recently arrived in Reykjavik, and took over the command of the troops. The soldiers seem to be quite happy in their new surroundings and are on friendly terms with the population. Unfortunately a few individuals among the troops have behaved badly, such as when four soldiers assaulted a woman outside Reykjavik. They have all been punished severely for their crime, and Icelanders as well as Americans hope that an event like this will not spoil the otherwise friendly relations.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Leif Ericson Day

The celebration of Leif Ericson Day has become an institution in many American cities and has grown to large proportions. Major Ole Reistad, head of Little Norway, the Norwegian Air Force Training Center in Toronto, was the chief speaker at a meeting arranged by the Sons of Norway in the Central Lutheran Church in Minneapolis. He told a thrilling story of how young men, after all kinds of adventurous journeys, have reached the camp to join the force.

In San Francisco the celebration was under Scandinavian auspices. The main speaker was President of the Storting Carl J. Hambro.

In Seattle there is a regular Leif Ericson Foundation which arranges the celebrations annually. Dr. Sverre Arestad, instructor in Scandinavian in the University of Washington, gave a general survey of the war and the attitude toward the war in the different Scandinavian countries. About 2,000 people were present.

A Film About Norway

"Norway in Revolt" is the title of a twenty minute March of Time film, showing the flying camp Little Norway and the underground methods by which the boys escaped from Norway and made their way to join the force. As actors, members of the Norwegian Air Force and Navy have been employed, and their fresh young faces and strapping, athletic figures give the lie to any hope of Nazi domination in their country. For Norway the coast of New Hampshire has been used with excellent effect. In this short version the film has been seen by millions of people, and has contributed immensely to waken sympathy for Norway. It would seem to have possibilities for a longer version to fill an evening.

A Generous Gift

Mr. G. Unger Vetlesen, a well known Norwegian living in New York and a Trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, has donated his yacht *Vema*, a three-masted schooner with Diesel motor, to the United States Maritime Commission to be used as a training ship. Mr. Vetlesen is an impassioned yachtsman.



Furuseth's Memory Honored

Readers of the REVIEW will remember the article by A. N. Rygg on Andrew Furuseth, the Norwegian who led the fight of American seamen for emancipation from antiquated barbarous laws. Most of Furuseth's active life was spent in San Francisco, and a monument to him has recently been erected on the Esplanade near the Ferry Building. It is a bust by the sculptor Hal Runyon, who was once himself a seaman. The granite block on which the bust is mounted carries as an inscription the famous words with which Furuseth once replied to a threat that he might be imprisoned: "You can put me in jail. But you cannot give me narrower quarters than as a seaman I have always had. You cannot give me worse food than I have always eaten. You cannot make me lonelier than I have always been."



An Icelandic Soprano

The disturbances of the war have brought to the Metropolitan Opera the first Icelandic prima donna who has ever sung there. Maria Markan was born in Iceland. She accompanied her brother, also a singer, to Berlin in 1930. There she was discovered and began her training. Her first concert was given in Reykjavik. In 1935 she was engaged by the Schiller Opera in Hamburg, where she remained for two years. She was to have sung in Copenhagen when the German occupation occurred, and she preferred to go to Canada where so many of her



Maria Markan

countrymen live. From Canada she came to New York and has been engaged for the coming season by the Metropolitan.

Miss Markan has a lyric soprano of great beauty. Unlike most of her fellow Scandinavians she sings chiefly in French and Italian rôles, although she sings at least one Wagnerian rôle, that of Elsa in *Lohengrin*.



Among the Colleges

This seems a year of special anniversaries in the Scandinavian educational field. Leading the procession, is Luther College in Decorah which celebrated its eightieth anniversary on Founders' Day, October 14. President Ove Preus pointed out what a splendid monument to pioneer energy and faith was the old main building, raised with contributions from Norwegian farmers during the Civil War, and still a stately edifice dominating the complex of newer buildings.

Much younger is Bethany College in Lindsborg, which has only sixty years to its credit. This college was the creation of one man, the pastor Carl Aaron Swenson, who persuaded members of his congregation to give him a little help by donating land. Very early stress was laid on music, and the college has made Lindsborg a cultural center, famous for art as well as music.

Dana College in Blair, Nebraska, has lost one of its veterans, Dr. C. X. Hansen, three times president of the institution with which he had been connected for nearly half a century as one of its most honored and beloved teachers. Though he had resigned as president, he headed the Department of Education to the last. His death occurred August 15 in the midst of his activity.

President L. W. Boe of St. Olaf College in Minnesota, who is a staunch reader of the *REVIEW*, writes: "I am just looking out at our new library building, which should gladden the heart of every person who has Norwegian blood in his veins, because we hope to make it the center for Norwegian interests as long as this world shall stand. It is a solid and substantial building, and as I look over, I see the first signs of winter; snow is beginning to fall."

More Anniversaries

The first State University to establish a chair in Scandinavian was that of Wisconsin, where that notable pioneer Rasmus B. Anderson was appointed to the position seventy years ago. He was followed by Professor Julius E. Olson, and the chair is now filled by Professor Einar Haugen. Mr. Anderson was fond of telling a story of how, as a young instructor, he met an older member of the faculty who condescendingly asked him what he was doing. Mr. Anderson replied that he was working on *The Elder Edda* (*The Poetic Edda*). The older man corrected him, "Oh, yes, we call it the *Eldorado*."

The Scandinavian Department in the University of North Dakota this year rounds out a half century of activity, having been established by an act of the Legislature in 1891. The present head of the Department is Professor Richard Beck, an Icelander who is equally proficient in Norwegian—most of the Scandinavians in the State being Norwegians or Icelanders. He is active as a writer and lecturer. Largely through the efforts of Professor John Tingelstad, who held the position for twenty years, the University has a large collection of Scandinavian books.

Peak Named after Eisen

The venerable Swedish scientist Gustavus A. Eisen, who died in New York last year, will have his name commemorated in a peak, 12,000 feet high, in Sequoia National Park. It is a most appropriate honor, since it was Dr. Eisen who, many years ago, called the attention of the authorities to the reckless cutting of the sequoias and so became instrumental in saving them from destruction. His ashes will rest on the mountain and a bronze plate will be placed there to commemorate him.

A Degree for Minister de Kauffmann

The Danish Minister His Excellency Henrik de Kauffmann has become immensely popular here and in Canada because of his courageous stand on the Greenland question.

Minister de Kauffmann on October 14 was a guest at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, where he was given an honorary doctor's degree. The President of the College, Clifton D. Gray, in his speech emphasized the service the Danish Minister in Exile had rendered humanity when single-handed he prevented Greenland from becoming a stepping-stone in the advance of the Nazis toward the Western hemisphere.

His Excellency took the opportunity of prolonging his trip to Toronto where he visited Little Norway and greeted the more than three score young Danish volunteers who are training with their Norwegian kinsmen. Minister de Kauffmann represented Denmark as Minister to Norway before he came to Washington and is a warm advocate of Scandinavian cooperation.

Bay Fills Three Score and Ten

The head of the John Crerar Library in Chicago, J. Christian Bay, was born seventy years ago in Rudköbing, Denmark. He studied plant physiology in Copenhagen and, at the age of twenty-one, became assistant at Missouri Botanical Gardens in St. Louis. After holding positions with the Iowa State Board of Health and in the Library of Congress, he came to John Crerar in 1905 and has in the minds of all who know him been completely identified with that famous

scientific and medical library. Since 1929 he has been head librarian.

Dr. Bay is a remarkable example of one who, born abroad, has achieved success and fame in the country of his adoption without sacrificing his interest in the country of his birth. He writes Danish and English with equal fluency. His chief hobby is Americana, and he managed to secure, before the ordinary collector had awakened to their value, a private library of books dealing with Western travel, limiting himself particularly to the period from 1700 to 1850. He is said to have about 4,000 items.

For his seventieth birthday, a number of Dr. Bay's friends assembled selections from his own writings which, under the title *Fortune of Books*, was published by Walter M. Hill.

A Danish American Sculptor

Christian Warthoe, whose Head of an Icelandic Girl appears in this number of the REVIEW, was born in Denmark and came to the United States in 1910. He enrolled as a student in decorative modeling at the Minneapolis School of Art, from which he was graduated in 1923. By this school he was awarded the Addie M. Day Scholarship for 1923-1924 for meritorious work in sculpture. The following two years he spent in Europe. Upon his return to America he attended the Art Students League and the Beaux Arts Institute of Design, both in New York City. Among his prominent works are a bust of the Danish clergyman, Dr. Jacob Appel; a medallion of Leif Ericson, and a statuette entitled "Old Soak," for which he received Honorable Mention at the Minnesota State Fair in 1923. Mr. Warthoe was awarded second prize for the official emblem for the Danish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair 1939.



Head of Icelandic Girl
Christian Warthoe, Sculptor

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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Trustees' Meeting

The autumn meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held at the Harvard Club on Saturday, November 1, with the President in the chair. Among those who attended were Trustees from Wilmington, Pittsburgh, Worcester, and Cambridge, and the following guests: the Honorable Carl J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Storting, Minister Wollmar F. Boström of Sweden, Minister Henrik de Kauffmann of Denmark, Minister Thor Thors of Iceland, Consul General Rolf A. Christensen of Norway, Consul General Martin Kastengren of Sweden, Mr. Herman T. Asche, President of the New York Chapter, and Mr. Harold S. Deming.

The President reviewed current activities including publications, students, and chapters, and noted that war does not suspend the program of the Foundation in interpreting Scandinavian civilization to Americans. Mr. Hambro and other guests expressed their warm approval of the work of the Foundation.

Icelandic Students

The University of Iceland having only the four faculties of theology, medicine, law, and philosophy, Icelandic students

have always had to go abroad for advanced work in many subjects, and the Government provides scholarships for this purpose. They have usually gone to Scandinavia, especially Denmark, often to Germany, and occasionally to England, France, and America. Now that Iceland is completely cut off from Europe, Icelandic students are coming to the United States in larger numbers than ever before and are being cordially welcomed at American universities from coast to coast.

When the Foundation was established in 1911, Iceland was automatically included as a part of the Kingdom of Denmark and Iceland, and one of our most distinguished alumni, Professor Kemp Malone of the Johns Hopkins University, was a Fellow of the Foundation to Iceland in 1919-20. In 1939 it was decided to form a cooperating body in Iceland and on January 8, 1940, the Iceland-America Society was formed in Reykjavík with Professor Sigurdur Nordal of the University of Iceland as President. In 1939-40 one, and in 1940-41 seven, Fellows from Iceland studied at American universities. Their subjects included political science, chemistry, architecture, electrical engineering, and medicine.

On September 16 the following students arrived in New York from Reykjavik on the S.S. *Godafoss*:

Mr. Eyjolfur Eiriksson, Junior Scholar, to study printing in various cities. Mr. Eiriksson, who is employed by the Government printing establishment, the Gutenberg Press, is especially interested in new methods of color printing.

Mr. Hjalmar Finnsson, Honorary Fellow, to study business administration at the University of Southern California. Mr. Finnsson has been awarded a tuition scholarship in the Graduate School.

Mr. Thor Gudjonsson, Junior Scholar, to study ichthyology at the University of Washington, Seattle.

Mr. Skuli Hansen, Junior Scholar, to study dentistry at the State University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Mr. Björn Johannesson, Honorary Fellow, to study agronomy at Cornell University. Mr. Johannesson, who has studied in Denmark for the past five years, took his master's degree in chemical engineering from the Copenhagen Institute of Technology in August 1940. In September he returned home on the steamer sent by the Icelandic government to Petsamo to bring back Icelanders stranded in Denmark and Norway.

Mr. Bjarni Jonsson, Junior Scholar, to study mathematics at the University of California, Berkeley.

Mr. Johannes Newton, Junior Scholar, to study mechanical engineering at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Mr. Newton has been awarded a tuition scholarship.

Miss Anna Olafs, Junior Scholar, to study at Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia. Through the Institute of International Education Miss Olafs has been granted a tuition scholarship.

Mr. Agust Sveinbjörnsson, Junior Scholar, to study biochemistry and agricultural bacteriology at the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Thorvaldur Thorarinsson, Honorary Fellow, to study international law in the Graduate School at Cornell University. Mr. Thorarinsson, who is a graduate in law of the University of Iceland, is accompanied by his wife.

Five more Icelandic students arrived on the S.S. *Lagarfoss* on October 19. The sailing of this vessel was postponed several weeks to wait for a convoy. Unfortunately her speed was so slow that she could not keep up with the convoy and lost it after the first day. She proceeded on a very northerly course, however, and met with no worse dangers than bad weather. The students who arrived on the *Lagarfoss* are:

Mr. Gudmundur Hraundal, Junior Scholar, to study dentistry at the State University of Iowa.

Mr. Einar R. Kvaran, Junior Scholar, to study mechanical engineering at the University of California, Berkeley. Mr. Kvaran is a grandson of two of Iceland's most celebrated writers, the novelist and dramatist Einar Kvaran and the poet Hannes Halstein.

Mr. Thordur Reykdal, Junior Scholar, to study mechanical engineering at the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Örlygur Sigurdsson, Junior Scholar, to study drawing and painting in Minneapolis.

Miss Oddny Stefansson, Junior Scholar, to study business subjects in Minneapolis.

Mr. Stefan Juliusson, who arrived during the summer and is now studying education at Teachers College, Columbia University, has been appointed an Honorary Fellow. Mr. Juliusson has published several books for children.

Miss Gudrun C. Stephensen, Honorary Fellow, who graduated from the Georgia Women's College last summer, is continuing her studies at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Mr. Thorsteinn G. Thorsteinsson, who studied engineering at the Massachusetts

Institute of Technology last year and is continuing his studies this year at the University of Minnesota, has been appointed a Junior Scholar.

Danish Fellows

There are at present twelve Fellows from Denmark in the United States, most of whom have reentered on the quota and found positions.

At a meeting held in Copenhagen on August 29 the Board of the American Society of Denmark decided not to make any awards. The Board suffered a great loss recently in the death of Professor P. O. Pedersen, Director of the Copenhagen Institute of Technology, who has worked for many years in the cause of Danish-American friendship.

Norwegian Fellows

There are at present nine Fellows from Norway in the United States. Mr. Kaare Petersen, who wrote the article on Norwegian ships in the battle of the Atlantic "Under the Norwegian Flag" in the last number of the REVIEW, is employed as statistician in the New York office of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission. Mr. Johan Seland is working in their London office. Mr. Tor Stokke is employed at the Norwegian Legation in Washington and Mr. Johan Hambro at the Norwegian Consulate General in New York. As was mentioned in our last number, Mr. Erik Sand and Mr. Thor Omejer have joined the Royal Norwegian Air Force and are training in Canada.

Swedish Fellows

At a meeting of the Board of the Sweden-America Foundation on September 3 it was decided not to make any new appointments for next year on account of the danger, difficulty, and expense of travel in these times. There are at present forty Fellows and Junior Scholars from Sweden in the United States.

Mr. Axel Bruzelius, who studied business administration at the University of

Florida and at the Norton Company, Worcester, sailed for Bilbao on the *Magellanes* of the Spanish Line on October 15.

Mr. Axel Ekwall, who has been studying the cellulose industry on the West Coast, has contributed to the journal *Pacific Pulp & Paper Industry* for October an article entitled "Some Comparisons Between Sulphite Pulp Manufacture on the Pacific Coast and in Sweden."

Mr. C. Olof Gabrielson, who studied physical chemistry at Princeton University last year and visited laboratories and industries in all parts of the country during the summer, sailed for Bilbao on the *Magellanes* of the Spanish Line on October 15.

Dr. Per Hedenius arrived in New York from Lisbon by Clipper with his wife, a daughter of Mr. C. J. Hambro, and baby on August 17. Dr. Hedenius is studying blood transfusion, blood chemistry, and heparin at various universities.

Dr. Helge Kökeritz has joined the staff in English at the University of Minnesota as visiting professor for the academic year 1941-42.

Dr. Sven Liljeblad is completing his research on the Shoshone Indians at the University of Idaho, Pocatello.

Mr. Hugo Nihlen, who studied paper chemistry mainly at Madison, Wisconsin, sailed for Gothenburg on the S.S. *Bardaland* of the Swedish Trans-Atlantic Line on August 26. To avoid the high transportation costs he signed on as mess boy and in an interview in *Dagens Nyheter* for September 16 reports a tense but uneventful crossing.

Mr. Lars Nordenson took his master's degree in chemical engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall and is now employed with the Union Oil Company, Wilmington, California.

Mr. Harry Stockman has joined the staff of the Cruft Laboratory at Harvard as instructor in radio engineering.

Former Fellows

Mr. Robert W. Bean, Fellow to Norway 1939-40, has discontinued his studies at Harvard for a time in order to work on the research staff of the International Section of the Federal Reserve Board.

Dr. Harrison Clark, Fellow to Sweden 1936-37, has recently published a study entitled *Swedish Unemployment Policy* (American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D.C. Price \$3.25). In his introduction to the book, Professor Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard University, states that "the record of Swedish efforts to develop national policies for dealing with unemployment is highly illuminating and students of unemployment policies will find Dr. Clark's able and objective analysis of great help and interest."

Mr. Holger B. Jespersen, Fellow from Denmark 1920-21, has recently been appointed Vice Consul for the Baltimore area by the Free Danish Government Legation in Washington. Mr. Jespersen, who studied chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, returned to the United States in 1930.

Mr. G. E. Kidder Smith, Fellow to Sweden 1939-40, has prepared an exhibition of architectural photographs entitled "Stockholm Builds," which is being circulated by the Museum of Modern Art. This exhibition has been shown at Pittsburgh, Chicago, the University of Virginia, Vassar College, Duke University, Cornell University, the Museum of Modern Art in New York and at the American Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia. An impressive selection of pictures from the exhibit with careful and useful captions was published in the architectural journal *Pencil Points* for August.

Lectures

Dr. Henrik Dam of Copenhagen, Discoverer of Vitamin K, for whom the Foundation arranged an extensive lecture tour last season, spoke at institu-

tions in the Middle West and South in November.

Dr. Tage Ellinger, Former Fellow from Denmark, will lecture during the fall and winter under the auspices of the Institute of International Education, 2 West 45th Street, New York. Dr. Ellinger, whose article entitled "The Anglo-American-Scandinavian Situation" appears in this issue, has an exciting story to tell. In charge of a French ambulance in Finland when Denmark was invaded, he went at once to Norway, fought through the entire Norwegian campaign (he holds the rank of Captain in the Norwegian Army), and escaped to England by way of Jan Mayen Land, Greenland, and Iceland.

Mr. Gunnar Fagrell, Fellow from Sweden and correspondent for several Swedish Social-Democratic newspapers, undertook a brief tour to New England in October and November including Wellesley College, Bowdoin College, the American-Scandinavian Forum, and the Odin Club, Worcester, Massachusetts. Mr. Fagrell, whose lecture entitled "Democracy Under Pressure" deals with the present situation in Sweden, will be available for a limited number of lectures in the East during the winter.

Mr. Per G. Stensland, Fellow from Sweden, will be available for occasional lectures in the East and Middle West during the winter on adult education and allied subjects.

American-Scandinavian Forum

The American-Scandinavian Forum (Cambridge Chapter) held its first meeting of the season on Friday evening, October 31, at Phillips Brooks House, Harvard University. Mr. Gunnar Fagrell, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, spoke on "Democracy Under Pressure." The guest artist was Mr. Theodor Tellstrom, pianist.

The officers of the Forum for the current season are: President, Miss Hen-



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Augustana Chapter

The first meeting of the Augustana Chapter this season on October 28 was devoted to Iceland. Mr. Vladimar Björnson, Icelandic-American journalist and former President of our Minneapolis Chapter, was the speaker.

California Chapter

Dr. Einar Tegen, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, and his wife, Mrs. Gunhild Tegen, distinguished novelist and short story writer, addressed the California Chapter at its first meeting of the season on September 19.

Chicago Chapter

The Chicago Chapter opened its season with a large luncheon given on October 18 at the Arts Club in honor of the Honorable Carl J. Hambro. The guests included all the Scandinavian groups as well as many of non-Scandinavian extraction.

The meeting was presided over by the Chairman of the Board of Directors, Mr. Elmer Forsberg, Consul of Finland, who introduced the guest speaker. Mr. Hambro urged the Chicago Chapter to continue its work in this country, thereby supporting the Scandinavian nations in Europe in their fight for democracy and independence. He said the Foundation could organize openly in America "because the Scandinavian nations and governments at no time have had any idea of asking their compatriots here to have any divided loyalty or take their side against the constitution of their adopted country."

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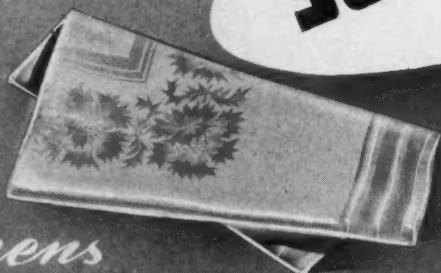
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"Even in these times," he continued, "bonds of kinship are stronger than circumstances. The Norwegian Legation is carrying on in Finland, and attempts to oust the Legation have met with protests from the Finns. I have a deep conviction that the soul of these Scandinavian countries will survive and will be a strong force in the new democratic world."

New York Chapter

On Friday evening, November 7, the New York Chapter gave a dinner at the Norwegian Club in Brooklyn in honor of the new President, Mr. Herman T. Asche. The annual Christmas party will be held at the Park Lane Hotel on Friday evening, December 19.

American-Scandinavian Club Formed in Princeton

At a preliminary meeting on June 3, 1941, at the Princeton Inn, Princeton, New Jersey, at which the guest speakers were Mr. C. J. Hambro and Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen, a group of Scandinavians and friends of Scandinavia in Princeton decided to proceed towards the forming of an American-Scandinavian Club in consultation with the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

On October 15 an organization meeting was held at Princeton University, a constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected for the 1941-42 season: President, Professor H. G. Taylor of Princeton University; other members of the Executive Committee: Mr. Folke Hilgerdt and Mr. S. Harte Rasmussen, both of the League of Nations Economic Financial and Transit Department; and Secretary, Mr. Gabriel S. Hauge of Princeton University.

The organization meeting was preceded by a public lecture. Professor Svein Rosseland of the Department of Astronomy at Princeton, late of the University of Oslo, addressed a large audience on "Personal Experiences in Norway During the German Occupation."

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Norway Neutral and Invaded. By Halvdan Koht, Ph.D., Litt.D., Former Foreign Minister of Norway. With Four Portraits. Macmillan. 1941. Price \$2.50.

As Foreign Minister from March 1935 to February 1941, Dr. Koht guided the foreign policies of his country through the most difficult years of its history. It was to him the German Minister handed his ultimatum in the grey dawn of April 9, and it was he who had to frame Norway's refusal. His clear, sober narrative of facts, which he has now had time to sift thoroughly, supplements the brilliant account of Hambro in his *I Saw It Happen in Norway*.

Koht's book is the most deadly exposé that has yet appeared of German diplomatic methods in Norway. As all the world now knows, the ultimatum was handed to the Norwegian Foreign Minister several hours after the fighting had already begun. But that was not all. Dr. Bräuer, the German Minister, made the most persistent efforts to isolate King Haakon from his Government and to work on his feelings by impressing on him (in a conversation at Elverum) the terrible responsibility that would rest on him if he allowed the youth of Norway to be slaughtered. But these efforts were frustrated by the King's loyalty and clear conception of his duty as a constitutional monarch.

Most damnable is the account of how the Germans bamboozled the Presidential Board of the Storting into sending their address to the King requesting his abdication. It was in June, at the time when the cause of the Allies was at the zero point, and there seemed nothing to do but come to terms with the victorious Germans. The main point for which the Norwegians contended was that the King should not be deposed, but should be asked to abdicate for the period of the war. Even for this there was a very small majority, and it was noted that, after the members had been home and seen their constituents, their opposition was stiffened. As one member said, "I'd rather be shot by the Germans than by my constituents."

The Germans did everything to confuse the issue. The Storting did not meet in regular session, but only in party groups. Important questions were not submitted in writing, but only orally (a technique we remember from Poland). And finally, the German version differed from the Norwegian, but, as the Germans said cynically, "Of course it is the German that counts."

Hitler's personal interference in Norwegian affairs is revealed in the book. When Dr. Bräuer, and even Terboven himself, tried to make concessions to the Norwegians, long telephone conversations with the Führer in

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Berlin would yank them back to the more uncompromising position. It was Hitler, for instance, who insisted on having Quisling head the Government. Sometimes the Minister and the Reichskommissar had to make embarrassing retractions.

Dr. Koht continues his narrative down to the present time. His description of the activities of the Government in Exile and of Norway's by no means small military and naval contribution is especially interesting. His book, in spite of its small compass, will surely stand in the future as the most complete and authentic account of the invasion, the events that led up to it, and those that followed.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

Carl Sandburg—A Study in Personality and Background. By Karl Detzer. *Harcourt, Brace*. 1941. Price \$2.00.

This brief, honest biography is especially valuable for the light it sheds on Sandburg the Lincoln historian. Much is known of the author's thorough, loving, and indefatigable research of the life of the Civil War President. But Mr. Detzer brings to this part of his book a joy and reverence combined, a special light of enthusiasm and admiration, which makes the reader excitedly follow the long and often fantastic road that led Sandburg to the completion of his gigantic work. This is not only good reporting; it has insight and force as well; it is strong and colorful and yet tender, and it makes Sandburg both speak to and look at the reader.

The tale of his childhood on the Illinois prairies is also a piece of capital writing, deft and sympathetic. Detzer draws an unforgettable picture of Sandburg's father, the loyal, hard-working Swede, August Johnson, a giant in the earth, a home-lover, a dreamer and a doer—and a victim of the blindly brutal and selfish American industrialization of the late nineteenth century. There are many grim as well as pleasantly touching glimpses of Sandburg's youth, his many, ill-assorted occupations, his restless wanderings, until writing became his life. His active part in municipal politics is also convincingly described.

It seems to me, however, that Mr. Detzer has stretched entirely too small a canvas for a Sandburg portrait. To do justice to so profound and many-faceted a personality much more breadth and height would have been needed. The reader is often given a cramped feeling, and he senses the author's need of hastening from one important event to another for reason of lack of space. Too many significant episodes are only briefly sketched, and there are gaps which should have been more carefully filled. My greatest quarrel is with Mr. Detzer's attempt at picturing Sandburg the poet. It would appear, after reading those passages, that the author had small use for any verse and only a vague comprehension of Sandburg's production, from which he quotes some of the most frequently reprinted poems. Not that these are not significant in themselves, but I am afraid

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that their choice reveals that so far as an analysis and appreciation of Sandburg's poems are concerned, Mr. Detzer has built without scaffolding.

The book is, as I have said earlier, honest and, at least in parts, written with a quick and incisive pen. Where Mr. Detzer lets himself go—as in the Lincoln section—he tells an engrossing story. But there are not nearly enough of these passages, and as a result the distinctive and distinguished profile becomes partly uneven and blurred.

HOLGER LUNDBERGH

Kings', Masque. By Evan John. Dutton. 1941. Price \$2.50.

This is an historical novel of the revolutions which took place toward the end of the eighteenth century: the French Revolution; the American War for Independence, and King Gustaf III's bloodless revolution in Sweden, which, however, brought about the monarch's assassination and, later, the small, abortive uprising in Stockholm at which Count Axel von Fersen was brutally murdered.

It is an often-told tale, and in a preface the author acknowledges his debt to many writers, including Carlyle and Strindberg. I should imagine, however, that M. Le Notre's superb account of the French Revolution, as brilliant as it is historically correct, provided him with his best material.

Mr. John has painted a bewilderingly enormous canvas, and he has peopled it with what seems at times a quite unaccountable number of men and women. He has steeped himself in historical research with such zest and thoroughness as almost to bury his novel in frequently irrelevant details. The kaleidoscopic manner in which he tells his story, with its many cut-backs and changes of scene, tends to give it a rather unpleasant jerkiness and a lack of continuity.

Despite these faults, however, it is a glamorous, romantic, often moving book, which culminates with sweeping power in the death on the guillotine of Marie Antoinette and King Louis of France, and that of King Gustaf III after the Opera Masquerade in Stockholm. It seems to me that the Swedish part is the strongest, the most authentic, and certainly the best written. The author has both understanding and sympathy for King Gustaf, who emerges from the pages with his great qualities of personal courage and conviction, as well as with his many faults, his sudden weaknesses, fits of temper and stubbornness, vanity and superficiality. The events leading up to his assassination are splendidly drawn, and the Masquerade is done with swift, incisive strokes by a sure hand. The Epilogue, which tells of Count von Fersen's lynching by a Stockholm mob at the funeral of Prince August is perhaps the most dramatic and memorable scene in the whole book.

Fersen himself, on the other hand, hardly ever comes to life—except on the last pages. He seems throughout a vain, vacillating cour-

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tier, engaging, but unstable, strutting, dull, and given to self-pity. His part in the attempted escape of Louis and Marie Antoinette, and his subsequent secret visits to them in Paris, hardly add to his stature as a hero and a dashing lover. There is, unmistakably, a bit of priggishness in the nature and make-up of Fersen, as Mr. John presents him. Perhaps there was in real life, too.

The American passage is negligible. Most of the French episodes are too theatrical and unreal to my taste, and many of the major characters seem to be cut out of gold or silver paper—there is plenty of glitter and sparkle about them, but they are hardly three-dimensional. The book suffers primarily, I think, from being over long.

H. L.

Leif the Lucky. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. *Doubleday, Doran.* 1941. Price \$2.00.

Elin's America. By Marguerite de Angeli. *Doubleday, Doran.* 1941. Price \$2.00.

Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire combine in a marvellous way historical accuracy with riotous fancy. Every detail from ships to shoe-strings is carefully drawn from study of genuine Norse antiquities, but all is worked into a background of luscious color and fantastic form. Such scenes as the disembarkation of people and animals from Erik the Red's emigrant ship—a veritable Noah's Ark—are real cultural history. The humor of the narrative, which follows in the main the saga, and of the drawings, which seem to be inspired by the classic illustrations of Snorri's History, rings true to the Norse spirit. The book is illustrated with lithographs in five colors which for sheer beauty are unsurpassed in the field of children's books.

Charming is also Marguerite de Angeli's latest book which tells of the little Swedish girl Elin in New Sweden about 1648. It is illustrated by the author in black and white and color, and is a pleasant addition to her stories of children in various folk groups of America, giving a glimpse of pioneer life seen from the viewpoint of a little girl.

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